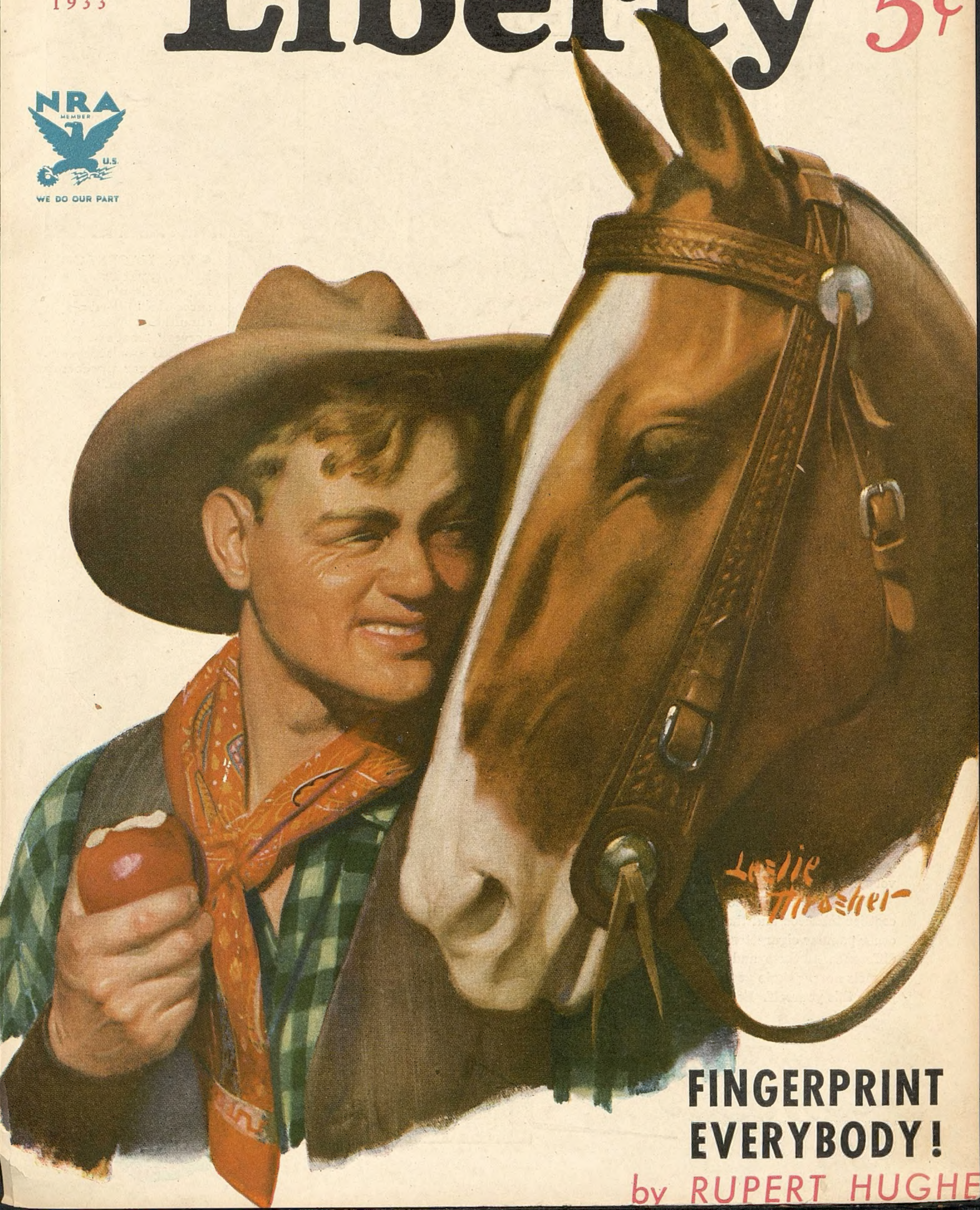


HELL DOGS!—CAMPAIGNING WITH THE
MAD MAN OF MEXICO

OCT. 28,
1933

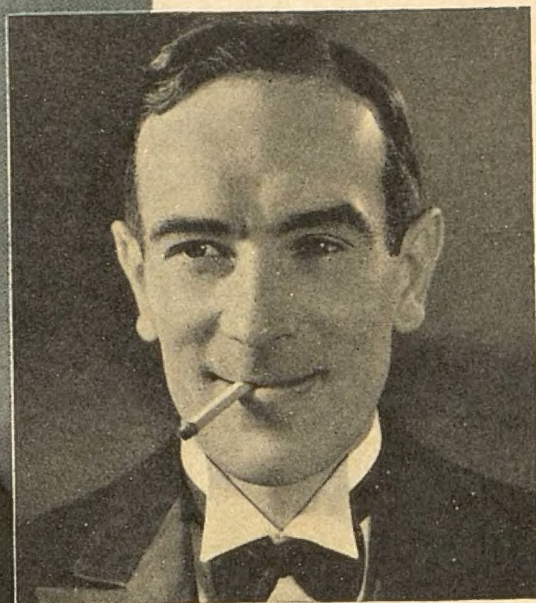
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by RUPERT HUGHE

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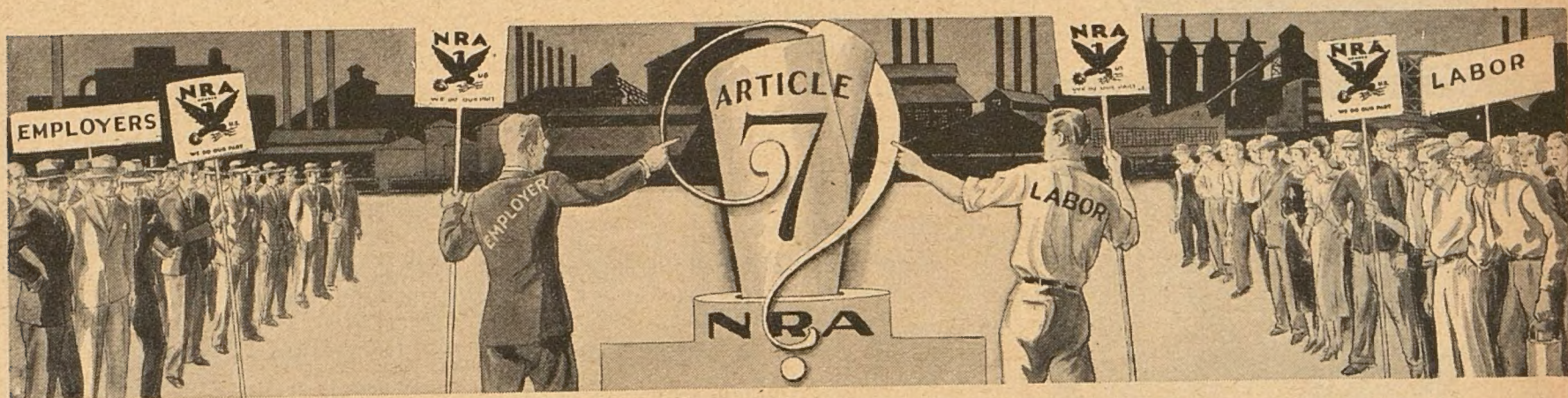
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
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MISUNDERSTANDING HAMPERING THE NRA



NO one can properly estimate the benefit that organized labor has brought to the workers of this country. It has given them an opportunity to be heard.

But union officials are human. They are not all supermen. And you can make exactly the same statement regarding the high-powered executives who direct capital investments.

Article 7 of the National Recovery Act has caused a tremendous amount of heated and unpleasant discussion. It has been the cause of more quarrels during the past two months than the famous Article 10 of the League of Nations Covenant. Article 10 practically wrecked the usefulness of the League of Nations as far as we were concerned, and Article 7 of the NRA has hindered the speedy success of the NRA more than any other factor.

This costly misunderstanding of the wording of an article in a great legislative act must be ironed out before the full benefits of the NRA can be obtained.

The administration has been asked to clarify the much disputed paragraph. But this request is foolishly unjust, as Article 7 requires no more interpretation than the Preamble of the Constitution of the United States. It is as clear as the noonday sun. There is no necessity of the government defining it further, any more than it is needful to clarify the conclusion that two and two make four.

Article 7 guarantees the right of labor to bargain collectively with employers. It specifically prevents the employer from discriminating against a union worker. It prevents the employer from forcing men to join a company union or any other union. It grants the worker the right to choose any form of collective bargaining he may desire, and goes much further. It guarantees the individual the right to bargain with the employer as an individual if he so chooses. The wording of the article is perfectly clear on this point. It means that an employee has the untrammelled right to choose employee-representation associations or company unions, or closed-shop trade unions, or conference-board labor unions,

or to remain independent and deal individually with the employer so long as whatever he does is of his own voluntary action. There is nothing new in this guaranty. Every President of the United States from McKinley to Roosevelt has recognized the right of employees to bargain singly or collectively as they choose.

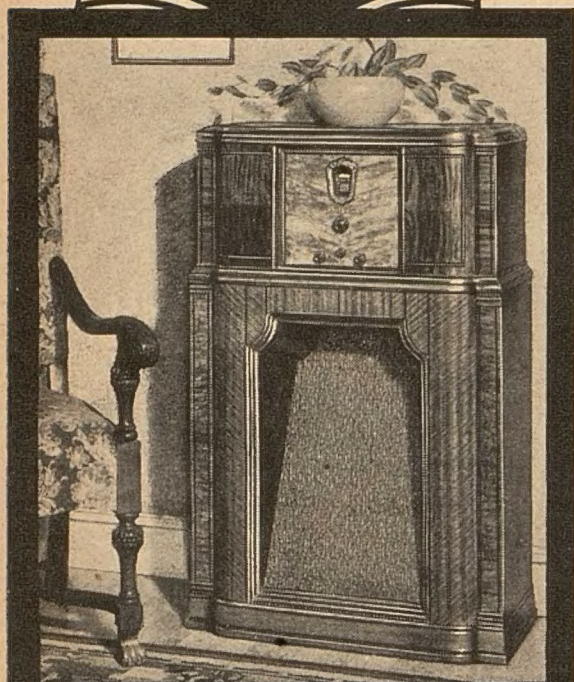
However, what is irritating many employers and many others over Article 7 is the claim of a few overzealous organizers that the government desires the workers immediately to join organized labor to conform to the NRA. This is absolutely false. To infer that the government would consent to use its powers, representing the wishes of 120,000,000 people, to build up the influence of any organization is not only untrue, but such a policy would subvert the spirit of democracy and annul the constitutional rights of our people.

The government does not request, and no official has the right to so specify to any worker, that the National Industrial Recovery Act obligates labor to belong to any specific organization.

The sympathy of all people rests with the workers of the country in securing absolute justice as regards wages and working conditions. Most people recognize the great value collective bargaining has been to American labor. The American people must never lose sight of the motive that impelled Europeans originally to come to this country. The pioneers who settled our shores came here to embrace any religious faith they chose, or to remain independent of any faith, as they saw fit. When the Constitution of the United States was written, it restated this right. The great charter of human rights guarantees every citizen the right to belong to any political party, or to use his ballot independently, as he desires. And the National Industrial Recovery Act, conforming to this spirit of the Constitution, protects the worker in his inalienable right to choose any form of collective bargaining that he desires, or to remain independent and deal individually with his employer. Whenever this right ceases to exist we will have written finis on democracy.

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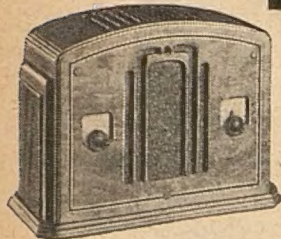
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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

Next Week —

MY FAKE MARRIAGE

Mary McCormic (Princess Mdivani)



celebrated prima donna, against whom "my prince" has brought suit for divorce, with Samuel Insull named, gives the intimate details of the price that in girlhood she paid for a singer's career. She tells of her early experience in a Chicago cabaret, of a marriage into which she was tricked, and of her discovery by Mary Garden.

LAWRENCE PERRY

nationally famous sports writer, discusses—sympathetically but without reticence, from his personal inside knowledge of those concerned—the smoldering question over which the football world is agog: Is "Hunk" Anderson, Notre Dame's head coach, on the spot? Has the appalling necessity of filling the idolized Knute Rockne's shoes proved too much for him? And what will the outcome be?

Other stories and articles by Guy Gilpatric, Rafael Munoz, Rupert Hughes, Lieut. Col. N. G. Thwaites, and others.

BEGINNING•



HELL DOGS!

CAMPAIGNING WITH THE MADMAN OF MEXICO

An Epic of Desperate Adventure in the Days of Pancho Villa

(Reading time: 25 minutes 45 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The dominating figure in this historical narrative is Francisco (Pancho) Villa, the famous Mexican bandit, guerrilla leader, and free-lance revolutionary general. He fought first, in 1911, for Madero against the dictator-president Diaz; later for Carranza against Victoriano Huerta; still later, against Carranza, with the result that he himself was for a short time virtually dictator; and eventually, in 1915, against Obregon, then the Carrancista commander, who defeated him and left him a fugitive. In 1916, while attempting a comeback, he raided Columbus, New Mexico, whereupon the punitive expedition under General Pershing was sent across the border to get him, dead or alive. It failed to do either; but from that time on he was a peaceable rancher until his Mexican private enemies killed him.

Hell Dogs! begins with Villa in his military heyday, during one of his masterly campaigns against the Federals in Torreón. It will follow him through the frenzy of the Columbus raid, which it will picture with lightning-like vividness, and will leave him in hiding, done for as a chieftain, with Pershing's scouts combing the mountain fastnesses in search of him.

PART ONE—THE LIONS OF SAN PABLO

THE telegrapher chewed loudly on a chunk of boiled meat. "Sure"—he smacked his lips importantly—"the captain was watching all night, like an owl. He never closed an eye—just kept hopping across the bridge. And nothing stirred till the sun was coming up. He heard it—one shot. He ran like hell to where it came from. Nobody there—nothing."

"And the sentry? Dead?"

"Sure. Like the rest. With a hole through his head. That's fourteen of them in two weeks."

"Fourteen even," agreed the mechanic from the railroad water tank, between bites of new corn.

"Poor boys, dead for nothing," put in Aunt Lola, bringing over the rest of the breakfast. In her shanty she served daily meals to the telegrapher, the mechanic, and Captain Medina, chief of the Federal detachment. The captain was guarding the near-by bridge. It stretched its two hundred meters solidly across the river.

North of the river lay the dusty desert; south stood the water tank, the little station, twelve or fifteen storehouses, the shanty, and the immense plain.

Aunt Lola's face was wrinkled as pine bark, and pierced by two little gray-blue eyes which came to life every

time she looked at Miguel Angel. She had taken the boy in years before, without knowing where he came from or why. Every one else called him Miguel Diablo.

"Fourteen lying in a row out front by the railroad."

"There won't be a fifteenth. Last night's was the last."

Every face turned toward the door. They knew the bullying voice of Captain Medina. He stood in the doorway twisting his Kaiser Wilhelm mustachios.

"The last," he repeated, "because I know the bandit."

"What would you like to eat, captain?"

"Nothing now, old girl. Where is Miguel Diablo?"

"Back there in the corral. He's cutting me some wood."

Through an opening in the wall which served as a doorway came the monotonous beat of the ax. Cracking his whip, the captain strode across to the corral. He found the boy, stripped from the waist up, before a pile of kindling. His back to the door, Miguel Angel seemed to sniff the presence of a stranger. He stopped his work and without turning his head, shot a glance at the pile. From one chink in it the butt of his rifle gleamed like a watchful snake.

"Boy."

"God give you good days."

"Listen to me. You know each night they've killed my sentinel at the bridge. Shot him down."

"I saw some of the dead—not all."

He went on chopping with rhythmic movements. The wood piled up with precision, hiding the butt of the rifle.

"Where were you last night?"

"I went to a dance in San Pablo."

He turned coolly to cut some mesquite branches.

"Where is your gun?"

"I told you the other day: I sold it—to Rodrigo Perea. I even showed you the money he paid me for it."

Two more blows of the ax.

"I'm talking to you, fool. Stop that chopping and look at me!"

The captain's whip swished down on the muscular back. Miguel straightened up with an insolent smile.

"Look for it if you like, captain, and take it away from Rodrigo Perea if you can."

"You little —! Perea has joined the rebels with your rifle, and you knew what he wanted it for—"

Pale with rage, he hit the boy in the face and on the body, while

By **RAFAEL MUÑOZ**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

the old woman clung to his knees whining, "Captain, captain! I answer for Miguel! He didn't do nothing! I swear he never did nothing wrong."

"We'll see about that tomorrow, when the military trains come in from the south. There'll be a council of war. Tonight there will be sentinels everywhere. Just let any one try tonight. Put on your shirt, you, and follow me."

Miguel Angel went over to the stone wall of the yard where his shirt was spread out. Slowly he put one arm into one sleeve. Even more slowly he put in the other. Suddenly he vaulted the wall, took a running dive into the river and swam under water. The captain fired at the spot several times. In sight of them all Miguel Angel climbed the opposite bank, shook himself lightly like a dog, and, turning, ran through the mesquite.

All day soldiers hunted him with orders to shoot him on sight; but no shot sounded. The white plain stretched silent and deserted under the gray sky of autumn.

Captain Medina sat in the station, elbows on the telegraph table, watching the telegrapher translate the chattering of the receiving apparatus.

"Now those scarecrows are going to see something," he rasped after reading a message. "Ten thousand men are coming, and they're bringing the biggest cannon in the whole army. In two weeks the revolution will be over."

The operator and the captain left the station and drew near the bridge. The soldiers, bundled up in their big coats, kept turning their faces and guns out of the penetrating wind. A sentinel stood at the bridge's end.

On the other side of the river stretched the quiet desert. Its heavy calm belied the invisible feverish activities of the revolutionists, scheming to cut the line and leave the capital isolated. Their guerrillas never quite dared to come as far as the river bank.

"Now," blustered Medina, "they're finished. Inside of an hour the train will be here, and we'll beat the hell out of—"

A terrific explosion cut the words from his lips. From the middle of the iron ribs of the bridge, where a huge column supported two of the biggest arches, a cylinder of smoke arose and slowly unfurled like a flag. The whole earth was vibrating with the detonation of dynamite. The air was filled with slivers of stone, chips of rails, and scraps of twisted iron.

After the first moments of shock, Medina, the telegrapher, and two dozen soldiers went running to the bridge. Through the slowly thinning smoke they could make out the magnitude of the disaster. The central arches were lying on the bed of the river, leaving a gap of twenty to twenty-five meters.

"Look, Captain Medina! Down there!"

The soldiers aimed swiftly and fired down into the river. At a bend in the river, more than half a kilometer from the bridge, Miguel Angel climbed out of the water, thumbed his nose impudently, and disappeared in the first shadows of the night.

"LET'S join up with Pancho Villa," Tiburcio Maya had said to Miguel Angel. He was a rancher of San Pablo, known by many men of the neighborhood to have a sound head on his shoulders. When they had decided to join the Revolution they had elected him their leader.

"Pancho Villa?"

"Sure. He's the chief. Not afraid of anything."

Tiburcio explained how the government soldiers had been defeated in various encounters. Then he suggested that Miguel dynamite the bridge.

When Miguel Angel scrambled out of the waters of the river, five mounted men were waiting for him with a horse already saddled. Leaving behind them the smoke of the explosion, they went looking for Pancho Villa.

They found him, aged thirty-four, weighing two hundred pounds and more, with a body muscular as a statue. His glance seemed to strip the soul. Without questioning, he knew and understood. He was cruel to brutality, dominating to the point of absolute possession. Either you hated him, or you surrendered your will, never to get it back.

They came before him with their wish to join the

Revolution. Why? Because of some vague intuition that they were going to fight for a cause that would make things better for them. They themselves didn't know for certain what the Revolution wanted. They were going to fight in it, not for a bushel of corn or a colt, but for Mexico and freedom. They were small ranchers. They had never been peons.

"Consider yourselves joined," he told them. "Can you read?"

"We certainly can."

"All right. You begin as lieutenants. Where do you come from?"

"San Pablo."

"What kind of men are you?"

"This Maximo, when he drinks, runs around yelling 'When I drink wine it's just like I was drinking lions!' They call us the Lions."

"That's settled. You're the Lions. We'll see if you can growl and bite. What's your names?"

They told them: Tiburcio Maya, Maximo Perea, Rodrigo Perea, Melitón Botello, Martin Espinosa.

"And you, kid?"

"Miguel Angel del Toro."

"The Bull, eh? Pretty small for that. We'll call you Becerrillo [Bull Calf]."

From then on they fought for the honor of scouting ahead of Villa's irregular *colorados*. Many times as scouts or spies they went into the enemy's cities and trenches.

THE spirited reveille of the Revolutionists shattered the still air at dawn. The artillery drawn up on the plain facing Vergel station started firing on the hills of white stone. From the hills, government machine guns began to mow down plants and men.

At noon groups of Villista cavalry advanced along the tracks. At the same moment the battery, concealed in a ditch, opened fire on the machine-gun nests. The moment these were silenced, cavalry galloped furiously toward Gomez Palacio. Soon they were clattering through the deserted streets.

As the first men of the attacking column poured into a little plaza, the six Lions of San Pablo in the vanguard quickly wheeled their horses. A steady volley tore through their loud shouts of triumph. From behind street trenches machine guns sent forth a scream of bullets.

At the same instant General Reyna's dragoons came in sight, charging with sabers drawn. The Villistas were thrown into confusion. They emptied their pistols and rode back at full speed in the direction from which they had come.

As the tired afternoon sun was beginning to decline, its slant rays fell full on the faces of a little group huddled in the bottom of a ditch. On the ground, leaning against the bank, his head thrown back, his right hand pressed to his face, sat Becerrillo. He had been caught by a shell. It had sliced off his lower jaw clean as the stroke of the guillotine.

The boy poured blood. The horrible hopeless wound would finish him. The Lions stood aghast as his eyes went slowly from one to another asking for death.

There was no sense to this. Some one ought to kill him. But who? Four pairs of eyes converged on Tiburcio, the oldest.

Slowly Tiburcio went over to the bleeding boy and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Becerrillo—" his voice broke.

Miguel Angel gave him a look, an intense look of grief, of gratitude, of farewell.

He dropped his right hand, unbuckled an embroidered belt, full of cartridges, and held it out to Tiburcio, motioning him to keep it. Then horrible rumbling came from the mutilated mouth.

Heavy tears fell on the old man's shaggy gray mustache.

The distant sound of machine guns decreased, became intermittent. From time to time shells snored through the quiet air over the canal. The wind shook itself free of the far dark mountains behind which the red sun was sinking.

Next morning the five Lions got two days' leave to bury Becerrillo. They took his body on a train to the bridge that he had dynamited, and entombed him in one of its piers.

The Federals had constructed five little artillery forts with long lines of trenches protected by barbed wire on Cerro de La Pila, a hill. All day the Villistas had been bombarding it.

An escort arrived at General Headquarters, announcing that the men from Durango proposed to enter Ciudad Lerdo that night, cost what it might. Orders were given to attack La Pila at eight forty-five. The columns made preparations. Two trains of ammunition came from Chihuahua. This was shared around, together with freshly made dynamite bombs.

The five Lions went ahead with one of the groups of the Villa Brigade. One-armed Espinosa carried only his long canvas knapsack slung from his neck, heavy with dynamite bombs.

The Villista columns crawled their way in the night. At the river bank the rebels were attacking Ciudad Lerdo and the Federals on the hill of Calabazas were unfurling the bright fan of their searchlights and spraying death with shrapnel. The five forts on La Pila too were concentrating on Lerdo. Profiting by this the Villa Brigade advanced rapidly without a sound.

Suddenly the hill was crowned with light. Waves of sound came crashing down its side. Bugle notes could be heard over the incessant whine of bullets. Immediately the air vibrated with artillery fire, machine-gun bursts, and the uneven ineffectual crackle of rifles. The whole hill was lit up. Shells exploded over the plain like falling stars. Toward this fiesta of light and of death the Villistas advanced shooting and yelling.

From a distance of a few steps they opened fire. They hurled their dynamite bombs which gave out a short dull crack and buried themselves, throwing up columns of dust and fragments of stone. The cannons had stopped roaring. The whole battle resolved itself into machine-gun fire, rifle shots, and dynamite. The attacking surge continued. Wave followed wave until they swept into the trenches and took them.

The Federals fled to the five forts. The searchlights slowly turned, high-lighting the tragic faces of the attackers, the shattered bodies, the scattered guns, the captured trenches.

Two of the forts fell. About a hundred of the attacking party, exhausted, rested there a moment. The impact of the waves stopped. It was one minute past midnight. Then, when the first victors were worn out, the left wing began its attack.

IN front of a fort the finger of light from the beacon picked up for an instant the body of a man on his back, a bayonet stuck through his chest and the gun above it gently balancing like a fan. It was Rodrigo Perea. He had charged up the very wall of the fort, thrust his hands through a loophole and seized the gun. He and the soldier had wrestled for it a long time. Finally he had wrenched it free with such force that the bayonet had plunged half through his own chest. This was his revenge.

Near a third fort which had not yet been taken, one-armed Espinosa sat on the ground between two rocks. A machine gun had shot daylight through both his legs. He was smoking a large cigar and lighting the fuses of his bombs from its glowing tip. With his one good arm he was bouncing the bombs against the walls of the fort which resounded with explosions. Before each throw he shouted through the dark.

"Best regards, you ——!"

The bomb exploded, shattering the rim of a loophole.

"Die, you apes!"

The second made the hole still larger.

"To sell yourselves! You must have been dying of hunger!"

The third loosed a rain of stones.

"Take this one. From the Lions of San Pablo!"



It bounced along the tin roof and destroyed the turret. During these moments the attack had stopped. The Villistas had taken shelter.

In the fort they couldn't tell where these well aimed bombs came from until an officer with a flashlight began looking around.

"Here's one for Rodrigo Perea!"

The bomb exploded at the foot of the wall, cracking it and shaking the whole fort. Suddenly a ray of light showed, between the two stones, a half man with a cigar in his mouth and a bag of bombs around his neck. He was lighting the fuse of a huge one.

"That's him! Fire!"

"For Becerrillo!"

Simultaneously there were terrific explosions inside the fort and a last discharge of guns.

Espinosa did not move, leaning back in the angle between the rocks. Little by little the cigar died between the clenched jaws.

UNEXPECTEDLY all the revolutionary positions stopped firing. It was the fifth day of battle. The defenders had retreated to their last line.

"I take my hat off to the defense of General Velasco," said Pancho Villa to the war correspondents.

The Revolutionists were in control of La Laguna. Why should the attackers stop firing simultaneously along the whole line? From the hills to the trenches the Federal bugles blew, a chain of calls, Cease Firing. In a few seconds the battlefield was silent as the distant mountains.

On the road from Gomez Palacio six Villista horsemen appeared waving a white flag. They were nearing the slope of Calabazas when a bugle call leaped from the hill.

"Halt!"

They stopped. An old man with a shaggy white mustache dismounted and went forward a few steps. Toward him came a Federal officer, pistol in hand.

"What do you want?" shouted the officer.

"We come with a message for General Velasco."

"Advance one by one."

The old man came forward leading his horse.

"Search me for arms, if you like."

The officer did so, and searched the five others. Then in a single file they crossed the trenches and came before the chief of the sector.

After his questioning, surrounded by an escort they entered the besieged city and made their way to the San Carlos Hotel where the Federal division had its General Headquarters.

In the lobby, serving as an office, they found themselves before General José Refugio Velasco.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"We are envoys. My general, Orestes Pereyra, sent us to tell you he had a good scrap with General Villa last night. He's tired of having his troops stuck in the worst holes while the Villistas from Chihuahua take it easy on the trains."

Again the eldest of the rebels did the talking, turning his felt sombrero in his gnarled hands. Velasco's eyebrows drew together in a skeptical smile. The old rebel went on:

"All the chiefs of Durango got together and decided to tell you they're ready to leave General Villa if you'll let them into Torreón and give them food for all their troops. They'll defend any position you say."

"Who are these chiefs and how many men have they?"

The envoy rattled off a list learned by heart. Velasco added up the numbers mentally.

"Total, six thousand two hundred," he said. "Good. Wait here a minute."

He withdrew to a corner of the lobby followed by a group of officers. They whispered together. The six envoys had moved over to the wall and were leaning against it wearily, smoking long corn-husk cigarettes. Three of them were men from the lagoon country of the south; small, with skinny, very dark faces. On the other hand were three tall northerners, broad-shouldered, reddish brown in color, with clear eyes. Of these three, one was old Tiburcio Maya, another was Maximo Perea, and the third with the enormous belly was Botello. The last three Lions of San Pablo. The Federal military group stirred. General Velasco came out of it, and through his clenched teeth came their answer.

"The Division of the Nazas accepts the surrender of the rebels dissatisfied with their chief, Francisco Villa, but warns them they must be treated like prisoners of war. They must arrive at our positions in groups of one hundred which will be immediately disarmed."

"You seem very suspicious of us."

"I seem so, but I am not. The circumstances of the defense of Torreón oblige me to impose these conditions. And now, just in case there's any dirty work, three of you will take my answer back to your ringleader Pereyra. You have twenty-four hours to reply. Meanwhile, the other three will remain prisoners. If the proposed surrender does not take place they will be punished with due severity."

"But we are envoys and cannot be taken prisoners!"

"I do not permit anyone to judge my acts. You can choose the three to go and the three to stay."

THE old man threw his cigarette on the floor and squashed it with his toe. His voice was hoarse with rage.

"You'll learn that you can't treat us like dogs! After all, you *pelones* [insulting slang for Federals] are all alike."

"Hold your tongue. Decide which three are to go and which to stay."

"I'll stay here alone. I'll answer for—"

"I said three."

"I'm the only one responsible for this whole business."

"Three."

Perea took a step forward. "Tiburcio, I'm staying too."

Big-bellied Botello, sweating copiously, threw his arm around the old man's shoulder.

"God's will," he said. "The three of us stay."

"You are prisoners of war."

"All right. But remember, you have taken us by treachery. Fighting like men, we would never have been taken."

The three little dark men from the south scurried off quickly. A short time, and the silence was shattered. The battle had begun again.

In a corner of the hotel cellar the three prisoners seemed asleep. Softly Botello spoke:

"Listen, old one, we should have left the little blackies here."

"Wouldn't be right. Only the three of us knew it was a bluff."

They slept heavily, making up for the sleeplessness of the past five nights. In the morning fat Botello woke up first. Climbing up on an empty case, he pressed his cheeks to the window bars. Outside he saw the legs of a sentry.

"Hey, monkey! When do you leave town, so that we can get out of this damned hole?"

"You'll get out soon enough and we'll be right here to see you."

"You go eat alfalfa."

Botello spat through the bars, then got down. The two others went on sleeping. He stirred them with his foot.

"Old one! Your farmer's scheme didn't come off. They're fighting harder than ever out there. Looks to me like we're going to have a pretty sour time."

Tiburcio sat up, stretching widely.

"Up to now it's not so bad."

"But you'll see when it gets to be noon and those



blackies don't come back. They'll give us a good dose of salts. I don't know where the devil you got the idea that we should stay. It doesn't suit me to die like a dog without being able to fight back."

"Anybody who goes into this should be ready to die."

"But not this way. Fighting, with your gun in your hand—that's a man's death. Tiburcio, you know I've never kicked, but I tell you this: To come here was damn' stupidity!"

"It was orders, an honorable commission—"

"They had no right to send us. And now we'll be shot at noon. All because of you!"

Botello had worked himself into a rage. He was yelling and shaking his fist in Tiburcio's face. The gray-mustached leader went on talking in a monotonous voice without moving.

"IF I'd told Velasco he should send us and leave the blackies here, he'd have been sure it was a plot and he'd have wrung every neck in the half dozen. I was going to choose two of them to stay with me, and you could have saved yourselves—"

"And left you here?"

Tiburcio stood up smiling and went over to his big-bellied *compañero*. He clapped him on the shoulder.

"You got a bad temper, Fatty, but you're all heart. If it's God's will, we die tonight, we three together."

They were singing a Revolutionary song when they were interrupted by the slamming of a door. A young officer came in. He was hardly more than a boy, blonde with blue eyes—probably one of the cadets from the military schools rushed to the villages threatened by Revolutionists. In a child's voice he said:

"Prisoners! You are about to be hanged."

Botello exploded in a loud guffaw. He had to hold his belly with both hands.

"So you're going to hang us, señorita. Well, don't faint afterward."

The three prisoners left the cellar between files of about twenty soldiers. They marched through deserted streets. From far off they heard the crash of full battle.

"Here comes that dose of salts."

Sword in hand, the little officer led the way with his precise goose step. The Villista prisoners went out over the same road by which they had come into town. The general-in-chief's orders were to hang them in front of the spot where they had presented themselves, hiding their treacherous offer of surrender under the white flag.

Perea climbed up to the top of the fort and seized the gun. He and the soldier had wrestled for it. Finally he had wrenched it free.



They crossed the railroad tracks and stopped behind barbed-wire entanglements.

"Your pardon, my lieutenant, but are we going to remain here under enemy fire? We'll be hit."

"Are you men afraid?"

The question, coming from the soft lips of the boy, confused them all. Botello himself bared his head and made him a ridiculous bow.

They came to a wall of savin trees at the river bank. They could see the steady fire from the enemy lines. The soldiers, nervous, laid their guns on the ground and fixed the rope for the hanging.

"Lower that a little. And hurry up about it. They've seen us already. We're drawing fire."

They pulled the rope down with a rifle and placed Botello's head in the noose.

Four soldiers began to pull on the other end. Suddenly he was lifted up from the ground—up, up. There was a loud creaking and the branch sagged with its burden. The fat man remained with his knees on the ground, his upflung hands clutching the rope, his face bloated, his eyes sticking out of their sockets.

"Some one get up there and fix that rope smartly."

They didn't take the noose from Botello's neck. Then, while a second soldier was climbing up the tree trunk a shrapnel shell starred itself over their heads. The balls rained near them.

"Tiburcio, they're bombarding us."

The leader stood a moment puzzled. How could it be that their own Villistas were shelling them? A second explosion showed that Perea was right.

From Botello's purple face came a sobbing cry: "Let them leave us alone, Tiburcio!"

The old man lost his temper. Their own *compañeros* hunting them down! He took a few steps toward the distant Villista line, waving his sombrero. He yelled, as though they could hear him through the crash of battle.

"Don't shoot! You! We don't want to be killed by our own cannon!"

He ran back and forth along the river bank. He bellowed like a madman. He tore off his khaki shirt and shook it wildly in the wind.

Another shell passed over. Along the river bed a column of cavalry in full gallop advanced toward the trees.

"Don't shoot! Do-o-o-oon't shoooooooooooo . . ."

But the scream was lost in the storm of fire.

A dull vibration made itself felt, then a frightful explosion. The tree was torn up by the roots. All the men, soldiers and prisoners, were knocked down by the air blast. Some of them got up as the dust thinned. Botello lay with his cheek sliced open.

Seconds later the Villista cavalry swept over them like a whirlwind. The

dragoons ran their swords through the soldiers, trampled the little officer under their horses' hoofs. Tiburcio and Perea went over to Botello. He was clawing the noose from his neck.

A boy with a silver star gleaming from his sombrero galloped up. His voice was gay with satisfaction.

"We saw what was going on and we came hell-bent. Glad we got here in time to save you."

Tiburcio gave him a long dark look.

"Why didn't you stay where you were, you baboon, chewing hay? We don't want to have to thank any one for our lives. We'd rather hang!"

A Suicide Club adventure of the three surviving Lions in a veritable Circle of Death, and an agonizing test to which Villa with his own hand put Tiburcio's devotion, will be recounted in next week's installment of Hell Dogs!

Frozen Evidence

(Reading time: 21 minutes 45 seconds.)

I MAKE no extravagant claims in behalf of my friend Lieutenant Mitchell, one of the New York Homicide Squad. I don't say he is the best detective in America, or even in New York. But I do know he is the best I have ever watched at work. All the really brilliant detectives, he insists, are in books, and he maintains that inspiration has very little to do with solving criminal problems. He insists that he cleared up the murder of Henry Meade by routine work.

I had never heard of Henry Meade, dead or alive, when Bill Garrison, with whom I had lived ever since we both came to New York, woke me up one morning at a quarter to eight.

"Sorry," he said, "but your boy friend Mitchell's here, and he said if I didn't rout you out he would."

Keeping a morning newspaperman's hours, I hadn't turned in until four A. M. But it was my day off, so I hugged the thought that I could go back to bed after I had disposed of my caller.

Mitchell looks like a thug, having a low forehead, small eyes, a big bulbous nose, and a cruel, ugly mouth. His whole appearance is gross and coarse, and he does all he can to accentuate it. He always wears a derby hat tilted far back, and square-toed thick-soled shoes. He habitually talks like a Bowery tough—although when he likes, his English is as good as any man's.

He gave me a curt nod, and when I spoke about breakfast, he sneered.

"If I kept hours like yours I'd still be pounding a beat," he said. "I might take some coffee."

"You might, but not here," said Bill. "You'll get either some black lye or something pale and brown that tastes of last night's dishes. You've been neglecting us, lieutenant. You haven't come around for Sunday breakfast since Mrs. Grant left us."

Mitchell just grunted.

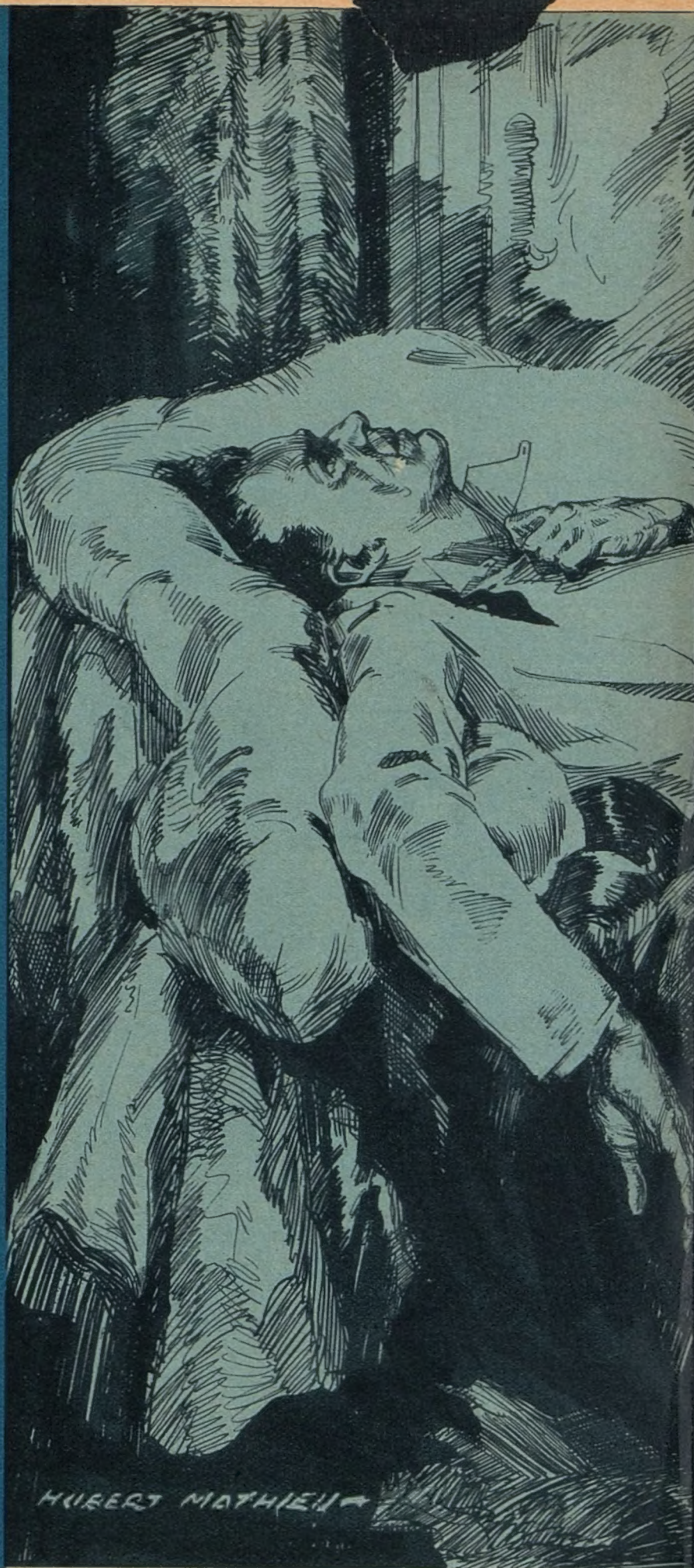
He took a clipping from his pocket and handed it to me. It was about a week old, and it told of the sudden death of Henry Meade, a research chemist for the Carnet Steel Company—a subsidiary of a much bigger concern, organized to specialize in new process steels. I read it and then passed it to Bill.

"Murder?" Bill said. "But this looks like natural death. He had two heart attacks in a month and the second finished him."

"Yeah. He was thirty-four. Climbed mountains for fun. Played football at Carnegie Tech."

"What of it? Athletes are always dying young. Anyway, he had a doctor with him when he died," I argued.

"That's so." Mitchell leered evilly. "Doctors never make mistakes. Doctors and reporters. I was forgettin' that. But it's got me stopped," he went on. "This guy was insured for half a million, and the insurance company's holding its nose. Anderson—you know him, he works for that agency the big insurance companies keep up—was in to see me yesterday. He claims this Meade



"I went to get him a glass of water."

passed a practically perfect examination about eight months ago and their docs say he couldn't have developed this trouble he died from since then. It was— Wait, now—"

He looked in his notebook.

"Yeah. Bradycardia—that's it. Means a slow heart."

"Half a million?" I said. "Who's the beneficiary?"

"Carnet Steel. They insured him—like those outfits often do a guy that's doin' big-time stuff. But he had the right to dispose of fifty grand. That goes to his secretary—woman called Gertrude Boyer. She's no kin, and she's not mentioned in his will. Made that about five years ago and left all he had to an old-maid cousin in Winsted—name of Agatha Tryon. Runs to ten or

The Story of \$500,000 Hunch

By

WILLIAM
ALMON
WOLFF

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY HUBERT MATHIEU

Bill filled a cup for him. Mitchell took one swallow and set the cup down.

"Why don't you guys move?" he said simply. And then his whole expression changed. "What's the matter with you movin' into this Meade's place? Bet you could get it cheap. An' I know a woman would get your breakfast and clean up for you."

"I'm game," said Bill Garrison. "Have a look, Sandy. I'll stand for any deal you make." He looked at his watch and got up. "Here—I've got to beat it."

THERE was only one furnished apartment for rent in the house where Meade had died, and a glance at cases full of books about chemistry and metallurgy convinced me it had been his. It was just what Bill and I needed. The furniture was good, though a big filing cabinet, a workmanlike desk, and a smaller desk with typewriter and dictaphone gave the living room too much the look of an office. That didn't matter though.

"You'd have to ask Mr. Lenov about that, sir," the superintendent said when I asked about the rent. "He was Mr. Meade's—the tenant's—lawyer—"

"Meade?" I said. "I read about that in the papers. Died very suddenly, didn't he?"

"Very sudden indeed, sir. And a great shock to us all. He was an ideal tenant, Mr. Meade was. I couldn't believe it at first when Dr. Cameron said he was dead."

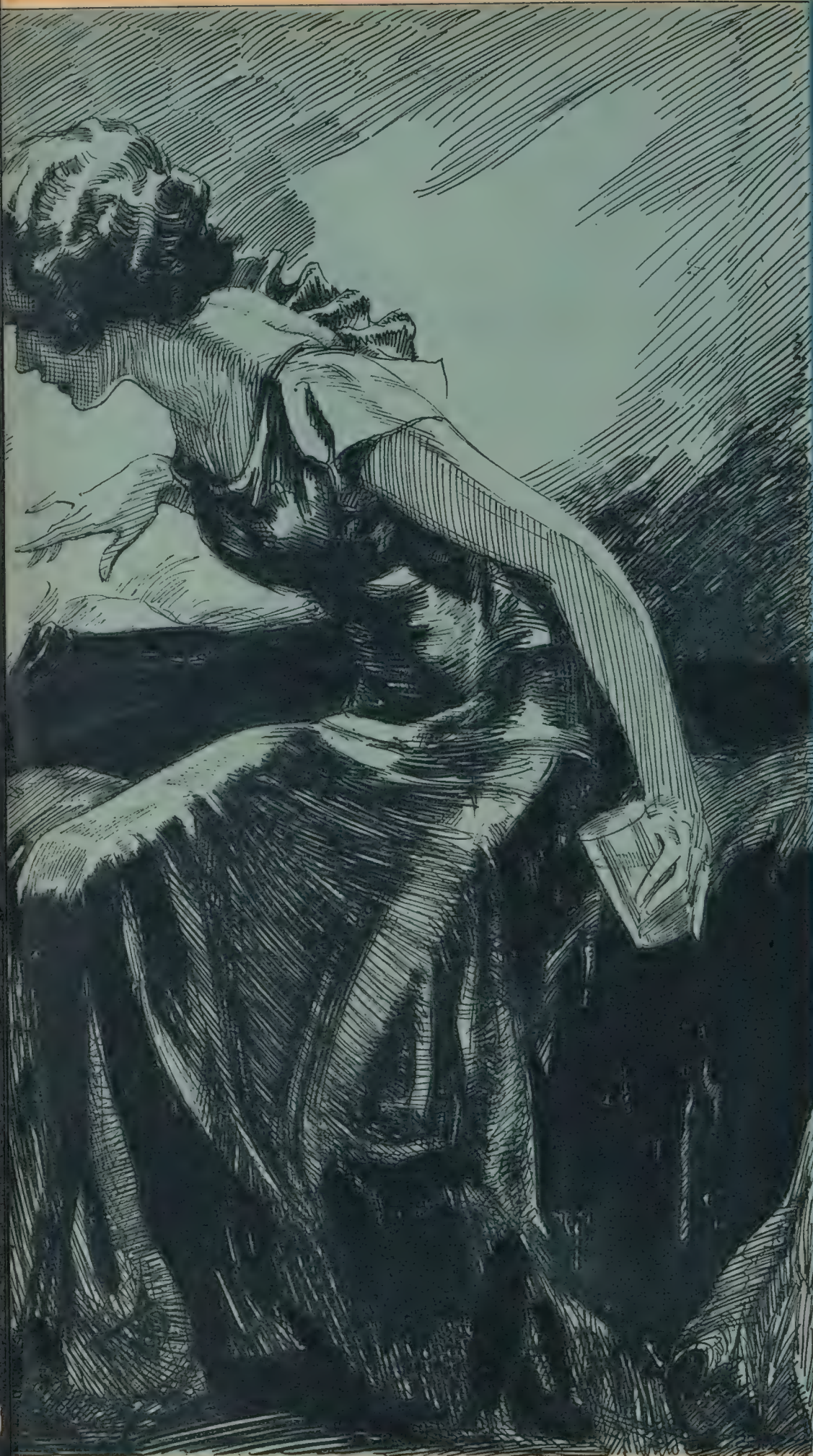
"Cameron? The doctor downstairs?" I said. "Lucky he was handy."

"Yes, indeed, sir. Though he didn't like it, he being a nose and throat specialist. But he sure pulled Mr. Meade through the first attack O. K."

"He'd been ill before, then?"

"Not to say ill, sir, no. He just had the one attack first. Gave the boys in the hall quite a turn that day when Mr. Thayer—he was a friend of Mr. Meade's; was here a lot—came down, shouting for a doctor. Dr. Cameron fixed him up that time. But the day he died I guess he was past help. His secretary came down as soon as she saw he was ill, and it was a good thing doctor was home—we'd have had the police in, else, and that does a house no good."

I said that was so, got Lenov's address, and went straight to his office. He was a big handsome chap, with



When I came back he was much worse."

twenty thousand. He didn't have any close relatives."

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Nothin'. Only heard about it late yesterday. And we can't touch it officially. I could get nosey, maybe, but a cop workin' unofficially is like a guy runnin' a bluff with an unloaded gun."

He looked at me.

"Want in on it? Might be a big story in it. You could do things I can't. Get a line on this Boyer woman. I"—he hesitated—"I got a hunch this guy was bumped off."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I don't know. Use your bean. You're supposed to be a wise guy." He grunted. "How about that coffee?"

blue eyes and light-brown hair, and he had just enough accent to betray his foreign birth. That, his name, and some papers I couldn't help seeing that showed he was doing some legal work for Amtorg, the Soviet trading corporation in New York, placed him as a Russian.

"It's about poor Meade's apartment?" he said. "I'm settling his estate. Yes. You like it?"

"If I can afford it," I said cautiously.

Well, there was no trouble on that score. Lenov dictated an agreement which we both signed. I gave him a check and the deal was closed.

I called Mitchell from downstairs and told him.

He was pleased and told me to meet him at the flat in a couple of hours. Then I went to the office, found that the Boyers were listed in the Social Register, and dropped in to ask Polly Russell, in our Society Department, what she knew about the girl.

"Trudy Boyer? She's a sweet kid and no butterfly," said Polly. "She's engaged to Pete Thayer, but it hasn't been announced yet. Won't be for a while, I expect. Poor Pete's with Thayer and Dodd—they've been making drugs and things since Peter Stuyvesant's time. He gets a small salary and he hasn't a bean besides. Trudy had a job—she was secretary for some man, but he died."

Mitchell made no comment on this. He seemed to be more interested in the flat itself. He gave the lock of the filing cabinet one scornful look and then calmly picked it. It contained mostly loose-leaf notebooks, obviously the records of Meade's experimental work, neatly and carefully typed. Mitchell studied them, took a page from one book, got me to initial it, so that I could swear to where and when he had found it if necessary, and hunted for more stuff. He found a bundle of letters, and when he passed them over to me, after reading them, I saw that Trudy Boyer must have left behind all the letters Thayer had ever written her.

"So then what?" Mitchell said, looking at them in a discontented fashion. "You go on downstairs now and see this doc, will you? Size him up. Nose and throat, ain't he? Oke." Then he grinned. "Go soak your head and stick it out the window till you catch cold."

I modified that plan. I went down and told Cameron I was tired of providing living quarters for every coryza bug that came to town, and asked about inoculations. I liked Cameron; he struck me as an eager, earnest chap. He reached for a card after a while, and started to take my history. When I gave him my address he looked surprised.

"YOU'RE in the house?" he said. Then his face clouded. "Oh, yes—I remember. Grimm, the superintendent, told me poor Meade's apartment had been let. Well, don't call me in the way he had to, poor devil."

"I won't," I promised. "Must have been hard on you. You fellows hate going outside your specialty, don't you?"

"You get rusty," Cameron said, frowning. "Still, Tredeger and Witherspoon together couldn't have helped him that last day. It took me by surprise, though I'd warned him. A queer business." He looked at me. "I'd have been suspicious if it hadn't been for the first attack."



"Thayer—a friend of Mr. Meade's."

"Doctor," I said, "could he have been poisoned?"

He stared at me. "What do you mean by that?" he said slowly.

I put my cards on the table and told him the whole story.

"But this detective hasn't come to see me," he said quietly.

I explained how Mitchell's hands had been tied.

"I see," he said. "Well, I'll have to untie them. Because the answer to your question is yes—emphatically. He could have been poisoned and I could have missed it. I'd better see this detective at once, I think."

Mitchell was gentle and pleasant from the start.

"I don't want to force your hand at all, doctor," he said. "If there's any real reason to be suspicious I want to know it. But it's a thing to be sure about."

"Exactly," Cameron said ruefully. "And the trouble is I'm not. There's every reason to confirm my diagnosis. I'd have to insist on an exhumation now."

"What's likely to be found—if anything's wrong?"

"Oh—one of the alkaloids I'd say. Aconite quite probably. Or morphia— No, I'd hardly have missed that, or cocaine."

Mitchell was busy for a minute, writing. Cameron read the sheet of paper and signed it.

"Much obliged, doctor," Mitchell said. "Don't you worry—we'll see to it you get a good break. It's coming to you."

He was genial when we went upstairs.

"You're doin' fine as a stool," he said. "Now I got to be busy. You have a new lock put on the door, and if you go out keep all the keys. If anythin' turns up give me a ring about six."

I FOUND a locksmith close by and took him back with me. I called up Bill Garrison and arranged to meet him at the flat about six o'clock. I killed the rest of the afternoon in various unimportant ways, and got back, a little before six, to find an extremely pretty and very smart girl sitting downstairs in the lobby. The doorman nodded to her when I appeared, and she got up and spoke to me. She was Trudy Boyer, and she'd come around for some things she had left in Meade's place—her letters from Thayer, of course, though she didn't say so.

I mumbled some excuse about a telephone call I had to make at once, asked her to wait two minutes more, and rushed out before she could answer. Luckily I found a drug store on the corner, and, still more luckily, Mitchell was at headquarters.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Stall till I get there. I'll be right up."

He hung up before I could ask him how to keep the girl. I went back and let Miss Boyer in with me. She had a key for the cabinet, of course, and took her letters. I saw that she took nothing else.

"Thanks very much," she said. "I won't have to bother you again."

"No bother," I said. I looked around desperately and happened to see the dictaphone. "Do you know how to work that thing?" I asked her. "I was



Mitchell—looks like a thug.

thinking I might use it—I try to write sometimes, and I've never been able to dictate—"

She went to the machine, started it, and was explaining its working when Mitchell arrived.

"Still here?" he whispered. "Good. Tell her who I am."

I did as I was told, though I was surprised.

"I call this a swell break, Miss Boyer," he said, in his most amiable—and most sinister—manner. "You were Meade's secretary, weren't you?"

"Why, yes—I was," she said, looking surprised.

"Well—" He smiled at her. "Don't be gettin' upset now, but the fact is it looks like maybe Meade was poisoned. And—"

"Why—why—that's horrible!" Trudy Boyer said. She was very pale as she stared at Mitchell.

"I'd like you to tell me everything you can remember that happened," he said.

"Why—" For a moment she hesitated; then she pulled herself together. "Of course," she said. "Let me see. I'd been here all afternoon that day, typing from the records Mr. Meade had dictated the night before. I finished about six, and I was at the window, looking out. I saw Mr. Meade get out of a taxi. He said good-by to some one in the cab—"

"Just a second. You didn't see who was in the cab?"

"No. When he came in I thought he didn't look well, and asked him, and he said he had a headache. We talked about the work I'd done that day, and then I saw he really was ill. I made him lie down on the couch and went to get him a glass of water. I was worried because of the attack he'd had before. When I came back he was much worse—he was gasping for breath and his face was almost blue. I rushed downstairs for the doctor."

"He didn't eat or drink anything after he came in?" Mitchell asked. She shook her head.

"No. Not even the water I got. I'm positive."

HE handed her the page he had taken from one of Meade's notebooks, the one I had initialed.

"Do you recognize that?" he asked her.

"Yes—it's a page I transcribed from the records—Why—wait a minute—it isn't, at all! It looks almost like it, but it's not. See? There—where a whole line is crossed out. It's done with xz, and I always used ws, because they spread farther."

"Yeah. I wondered about that," said Mitchell. "Look through those books and see are there any more pages you didn't type, will you, miss?"

The bell rang just then, and I had to go and get rid of Bill Garrison. When I got back Trudy Boyer and Mitchell were bending over a notebook together.

"All those pages have been changed—the last forty I should think," she was saying. "And it was done after he died. I know they were all right that day, because I'd just opened the book to clip in the ones I'd typed that afternoon."

She looked up.

"Mr. Meade was just finishing a very big research, and



"Trudy Boyer—she's a sweet kid."

those notes covered the vital part of it. Those pages look as if they'd been garbled deliberately, just to throw people off the track." She stared at Mitchell. "Wait a second," she said abruptly. She went into the hall and opened a closet. "Look!" She pointed to a stack of boxes full of dictaphone records.

"THERE are the records he dictated the last few days before he died," she said. "I always kept them till I was sure they wouldn't be needed again before I scrapped them. So I can type those pages properly—the way they were first—"

"No need," Mitchell said, his eyes very close together. "I'll have that little thing done myself."

"I want to help!" the girl said. "If some one really killed Henry Meade—"

"You're helpin' all right," Mitchell said heavily. Then his manner changed subtly. "He must ha' liked you—fixin' it so's you'd get his insurance that way."

"Oh—!" She laughed. "That was just a joke. I was here the day the papers came for him to sign. Pete Thayer—he's the man I'm engaged to—came around for me with Tom Curry. Henry said he didn't know who to have the fifty thousand dollars go to, and we all teased him because he wasn't engaged or married and never seemed to give any time to girls. So finally he said he'd put in my name, and he did, but I never dreamed he'd send it in that way."

Mitchell thanked her again, and we both went downstairs with her and waited while the doorman called a taxi. One came up just as she went off, and Lenov got out.

"Hello!" he said. "I am in luck. Yes. I remembered after you left that there were a few papers I ought to take away. And probably you won't want all of Meade's books. The scientific ones can be sold."

I looked at Mitchell, but his eyes were blank.

"Well, that's all," he said suddenly. "I'll be moving along. Call me up when you get word."

He went out, and Lenov and I went upstairs. Mitchell had put Meade's notebooks back and left the cabinet locked. I interpreted his behavior as meaning that I was to let Lenov do as he pleased. Lenov opened the cabinet, glanced at the notebooks, and then arranged about sending for the stuff. Five minutes after he had gone Mitchell came back. He listened to my report and nodded.

"Yeah, sure," he said, when I asked if it was all right to let Lenov have what he wanted. "He's got a right to the junk. Listen, egg. Tomorrow you go over and see these people Meade worked for. Tell 'em what we know and see what they think."

I went, and learned that Meade had been working on a new steel that promised to be almost revolutionary in certain uses, some of them naval. They had gone over his notes a few days after his death, but, while the earlier books had been clear, the final entries had been utterly obscure. When I got the notes the police typists had transcribed from the records Trudy Boyer so luckily had saved, the Carnet chemists almost wept for joy. I went back to Mitchell and reported.

"Meade was poisoned," he said. "They figure he got at least thirty drops of tincture of aconite—enough to finish him inside of twenty minutes. So if the girl told the truth—and I'm guessin' she did—he must have got it between ten and twelve minutes before he



Lenov—a big handsome chap.

got home. We're lookin' for that taxi he was in—and the guy that was in it with him. You'll have to spring what we've got in tomorrow's paper—it can't be bottled up any longer."

We held the story out until the last edition and had the biggest beat in years. The story pointed straight to young Thayer. He had had ready access to aconite in any form, he had been with Meade when he had his first attack—which had almost certainly been induced by a non-lethal dose administered to pave the way for the actual murder—and he had at least as good a motive as the average killer.

The evening papers carried the news that Thayer was to be questioned that evening by Inspector Connor and the District Attorney.

I had a date to dine with Mitchell that night at an obscure restaurant uptown.

He was in a taciturn mood. He ate enormously, and afterward he drank cup after cup of coffee. He scarcely spoke at all until, a little after eleven, a plain-clothes man came in and whispered something to him.

"Let's go," he said then.

A police car was waiting for us, and it took us to a big apartment hotel on Madison Avenue. Mitchell showed a paper to the clerk at the desk and we went up to the ninth floor, where we were let into an apartment by means of a pass-key.

You have no idea of the meaning of the word "search" until you have seen a good police detective looking for something.

The apartment was one of the sort to be seen in many expensive houses of the type that went up so fast before the stock-market crash. It had no particular personality; the furniture obviously went with it, and was of the sort decorators install. Mitchell had no mercy on it. He made no effort to cover his tracks. He took up carpets, disemboweled pillows and mattresses, slit the coverings of chairs and couches. He ruined a period desk in an effort to find a secret drawer. So far as I could see, he overlooked nothing.

"It's here," he said finally. "It's got to be here."

I ventured to suggest that he had apparently proved it wasn't. He shook his head doggedly.

"If I knew what you were looking for—" I said, exasperated.

"Yeah. You'd lead me right to it. But you don't know."

HE threw up his head and looked around at the havoc he had wrought. Then he went into the kitchen for the third time. He had opened every drawer, every receptacle of any kind. Flour and sugar were spilled all over the place. He had emptied the garbage from a can on to some newspapers. He had taken everything from the electric ice box. Now he stared at that again, and suddenly he clapped his hands and dropped on his knees before it.

"There was an ice pick—where in hell is it?" he cried.

I found it for him and he began chipping away at the solid cake of ice that had formed under the freezing unit. He clawed at the lumps of white opaque ice as he loosened them and flung them behind him; he was like a dog tearing at some animal's earth. And suddenly he straightened up.

"Got it!" he shouted. He flung his find high in the air and then tossed it to me. I saw it was a packet wrapped in white oil silk—the sort of stuff they use



"It's a page I transcribed."

for tobacco pouches, but white instead of yellow. I opened it and found a number of pages like those in Meade's notebooks.

"Smart guy," Mitchell said. "See? Bit of glue to hold it to the bottom of that freezing dingus—and the ice formed right around it. But, by damn, it had to be here—and that was the only place I hadn't looked! You could ha' looked straight at it a hundred times and never seen it."

I was full of questions, but he growled at me and called headquarters on the telephone. He asked for Captain Hazleton.

"I got the stuff, cap," he said. "Tell Hogan he can make his pinch."

"Look here—" I began.

"Hold it," he said. "Time enough—and you know damn' well you can't have this to yourself. Call downstairs on the house phone there and say to let whoever's waitin' for me come on up."

I OBEYED, and three minutes later, when the bell rang, I opened the door for Trudy Boyer and—of all people—Thayer! I knew him from the pictures of him the evening papers had run. Mitchell nodded to them and held out his find to Trudy.

"D you type those?" he asked. "Can you identify them?"

She looked at them carefully.

"Yes," she said. "Absolutely."

"Good!" He turned to me. "And you can swear they're the same ones you saw me take out of Lenov's ice box?"

"Lenov!" I cried, amazed.

"Yeah!" Mitchell grunted. "Sure. This is his place." He looked around and grinned. "Just as well we'll have some place for him to sleep tonight, ain't it? Smart guy—I'll say he was smart. But he made some breaks, at that. One was not pickin' up a stray taxi instead of a company cab outside the speakeasy where he bought Meade a drink just before Meade went home that day. He oughtn't to have kept that cab to go home in, neither. That was dumb. Company drivers keep records.

"N' he was too anxious to cover his tracks too. They're all apt to be that way. He tried to have Meade cremated, but the old lady up in Winsted stopped that. I was on his trail before I ever heard that though. I thought of him as soon as Miss Boyer, here, put me on to the way those notes had been switched. And when. After Meade died it was—and before the people from the Carnet outfit could look them over. Lenov was the only one could ha' done that—except Miss Boyer herself, and why'd she be givin' it away if she'd done it?"

"He counted a lot on its lookin' like it was Thayer, here, had done it. It did, some, of course. He had a motive—that fifty grand Miss Boyer'd get. But I couldn't figure out any reason for him to monkey with Meade's notes. And Lenov—well, he's ace high with the Russians here, and they could use that steel process—and they'd be willin' to pay high for it and not ask too many questions, from all accounts.

"Anyway, I wanted a look around here. So we fixed it up for Thayer to be taken down to the D. A.'s tonight and spread it in the evenin' papers—figurin' that Lenov might go out and do a little celebratin' when he read about that." He grinned at Thayer. "What'd you do down there—play some bridge?"

Mitchell may be right. Routine work may have sent Lenov to the chair. But it didn't look that way to me.

THE END

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Model 510 shown above.

Announces

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RADIO

★ One of 23 New Models for 1934 ★

THE new Atwater Kent model 510 is said by many people to be the most beautiful radio they have ever seen.

But if it were *only* the world's most beautiful radio, it could not have the Atwater Kent name plate on it. That stands for more—much more than beauty.

It stands for the power to capture — and reproduce **TRUTHFULLY** every sound from a broadcasting studio. It stands for the lasting quality to continue doing this through *years* of trouble-free enjoyment.

And this dependability is as true of low-priced models as of the most expensive. The complete price range of 23 models af-

fords you a chance to buy an Atwater Kent this year at any price you wish.

Remember: the only way to get a radio as good as an Atwater Kent is to get an Atwater Kent. Be sure that *dependable* name is on the radio you buy.

ABOVE AT RIGHT—Model 165. Finest 5-tube radio ever built. **REAL** reception and lasting dependability at low cost. Automatic volume control, police calls.



AT RIGHT—Model 310T. Another big Atwater Kent Radio that gives unprecedented value at its moderate price. Because Atwater Kent engineers re-designed the super heterodyne circuit—reduced static and interference noises to the minimum—**SIMPLIFIED** the manufacture—and **IMPROVED** quality.



ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

A. Atwater Kent, President

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAIL 5 IN PLOT TO TRAP MURDER GANG
 KIDNAP PROSECUTION
 Defy Thugs
 MRS. LEGS' DIAMOND
 MURDERED IN HOME
 Killer of 2 Slew
 WILD ESCAPE
 KIDNAP TH
 MURDER DISC
 ON CAMPBELL

Fingerprint Everybody!

By RUPERT HUGHES

(Reading time: 24 minutes 20 seconds.)

CRIME is ceasing to be a joke. We Americans boast of our sense of humor, and crime is one field in which our dear country holds undisputed sway. Yet even with our amazing powers of production and consumption, we are sinning beyond our means.

In these days when dollars are so hard to get, and so many people are desperately dependent on exhausted charity, there is a certain lack of wholesome fun in the fact that billions of dollars are being squandered on our coddled criminals.

We writhe at the thought of putting honest citizens on—but I must not utter the obscene word “dole.” If it were permissible in polite society, however, one might say that in the United States we let honest men scrabble and put criminals on the dole. For criminals are the recipients of our greatest generosity, and they are spared the humiliations that attend the unfortunate honest man who goes from door to door begging for a job. In this country the honest man goes hat in hand and is turned away; the gangster goes gat in hand and finds doors all open.

Aside from the cruelty and the shame of crime, consider the expense.

Crime has become a luxury we really can no longer afford. The income tax we evade; the sales tax we vote down at the polls; but the crime tax we pay and pay—and pay through the nose. All we ask the criminal to do is take it out of our pockets while we hold our hands up, or, in the fashionable parlance, “grab the clouds.” The objection made to gold mining, that “you have to stoop over to pick it up,” does not distress the criminal.

We think we are lucky every day we get home alive and unrobbed, or are ignored for the night by the burglar. But we are working for him all the time.

Every crime of every sort is a direct tax upon each one

of us. Professor R. Clyde White of Indiana University recently told the American Association for the Advancement of Science that, counting the cost of police courts, prisons, etc., each crime committed in the United States costs each citizen \$3.60. Of course we can't pay it, but it is collected one way or another through taxes and bonds and debts. No wonder we are all so poor, so horribly in debt, and borrowing so heavily from the future. We are attacking financial problems with a new violence, but crime, increasing every day, seems not to be included in our budgets.

If every householder added to his day's expenses so much for crime he would be more accurate and he might not be so lenient with criminals when he served on a jury; he might not be so indifferent to our infamous national political corruption. Our financial markets go up and down. Crime goes only up.

The murders in 1932 were more numerous than in 1931, and the rate per hundred thousand of population increased. In all other fields of criminal activity there has been the opposite of a depression.

If President-elect Roosevelt had been killed in Florida, the resulting panic would have cost us billions of dollars. Mayor Cermak's death threw into further confusion and ghastly expense the chaos of Chicago finance. Crime is bleeding us to death. Uncle Sam is simply covered with filthy leeches sucking his veins dry.

In spite of all that has been done of late to cut down the appalling expenses of our government, the deficit at the end of the fiscal year was \$1,760,000,000. Appalling? But get this: the loss to our citizens through the purchase of fraudulent securities (what a joke of a word!), even in the hard times, was not less than \$3,860,000,000! Just twice the government's deficit!

These figures were furnished to the National Association of Credit Men by their fraud expert, H. E. Chasmar,

ESCAPED CONVICT
 Bullet Cut Down
 GUNNELL KEY MAN
 MED SLAYER OF 12
 BANDIT CONVICTED
 MURDER OF PA

Slayer in Fight Of Beer Bottles Wine Acquittal Queens Matron 7 NABBED IN KIDNAP 2 IDENTIFIED

Beer Officials in Jersey Adopt Fingerprint Plan

CHANCE ARREST SUSPECT

Young Leaves Kidnaped Doctor in Car in Train's Path When He Refuses to Aid in Revenge on Chiropractor

THREATS BY GANG HIT KIDNAP TRIAL

COPS; RANSOM NEAR Accused Man Jailed

who added: "Think of it! If that money could have been used for productive purposes, it would have been sufficient to relieve our national unemployment crisis."

Say it over to yourself: "Three billion, eight hundred and sixty million dollars were lost to the American people last year through fraudulent transactions in the commercial field." Is America rotten as well as idiotic?

Add to this gigantic loss through persuasive swindling, the cost of intimidation, blackmail, extortion.

Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York recently stated that "rackets extort at least twice as much money each year as it takes to run the federal government."

Remember, too, that the cost of our government had got so high that last year an authority pointed out how twenty-five cents out of every dollar we earn went to the upkeep. In other words, out of every four days' work any of us was lucky enough to get, we worked one day for nothing. As farmers may substitute personal labor on roads for taxation, so we, each and all of us, toiled all day long every fourth day last year for a government that did not protect either our lives or our property sufficiently to keep us from being not only massacred but robbed of twice as much as the government itself cost.

PUT crime in dollars and cents and it grows vivid. Out of every dollar each of us may manage to earn we pay twenty-five cents to the government and fifty cents to crime, leaving us all of twenty-five cents to spend on the upkeep of our families and our own dissipations, provided we are not shot or kidnaped.

Out of every four days we work, we work one day for the government and two days for the thieves. Yet we marvel at the medieval peasants who let robber barons make serfs of them. What are we but serfs to crime?

Now the insatiable criminals are trying to take that last day's work away from us, for crime grows in extent and profit every year. Is it any wonder we are poor? But we are poor in spirit too. We deserve to be poor.

Many of our political rulers are directly in cahoots with the thieves. Our political corruption stinks to heaven and perhaps to hell. Our nostrils have grown used to it.



A Clarion Call for New and Uncompromising Measures of Defense Against the Shock Troops of Crime

Perhaps we have learned to like it. If we don't, why have we endured it so long?

Every so often some troublesome person starts an investigation of political corruption somewhere. It is usually started by one political party to embarrass the rival. Vast sums are spent, the most eminent citizens take sides according to party—not according to evidence; and almost always the politician who is exposed manages to pose as a martyr and gain enough sympathy to be reelected by a sweeping majority. This has happened incessantly and recently.

Judges have been proved to be crooks, and high officials the cronies of thieves and murderers. It is almost unbelievable but quite undeniable that corrupt politicians have been caught looting the charity funds of these ghastly times, and not one has been stoned or mobbed.

The federal government has recognized the mountainous expense of crime. A Senate subcommittee on racketeers is working with the Department of Justice. Senator Copeland, chairman of the committee, has stated that he was actually "shocked" to find community leaders serving as financial backers and even members of racketeering gangs. He was astonished by his "peep behind the scenes." He said: "It is startling to learn how deeply entrenched the racketeers are in labor, business, and even in the work of producing and distributing food, clothing, and the other necessities of life." The racketeers work gun in hand with threats of assassination carried out often enough to subdue all but the most foolhardy.

Our annual loss by downright crime—burglary, forgery, bank robberies, etc.—has been estimated at \$4,000,000,000 a year. Add to this what the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has reported lately: American investors have lost in the last ten years through fraudulent securities (that word again!) \$25,000,000,000. This is more than our enormous national debt, even as swollen by the World War.

We are so far from demanding honesty as to have been thunderstruck with the originality of President

COUNTERFEIT RING BROKEN BY ARREST

100,000 ROBBER

Dozen Deaths

HUNDREDS KEEP

ALBANY EXCITED

OVER KIDNAPING

CONNELLS

100,000 RANSOM

WILD ESCAPE

Roosevelt's watchword: "Let the seller also beware." We have been warned often enough and uselessly enough, "Let the buyer beware." Now comes along a man who says: "*Caveat venditor!*" In other words, he says: "Thou shalt not steal."

We are not only the supreme gulls of history in our gullibility and our patience with thieves who sell us steel engravings called stocks and bonds. We are also the unparalleled sheep of all time in the way we submit to the wholesale slaughter of ourselves.

We bankrupt ourselves with the building and upkeep of prisons and police forces and courts, and then force a brisk circulation by driving our criminals in and out on an endless chain.

There are in the United States today 120 state and federal prisons and reformatories with a total population of 147,000 guests. Eighty thousand are received every year. Besides this 120 we have 4,000 city and county jails in which there are 450,000 guests, not to mention 10,000 police lockups with a number of transients that is beyond computation.

Of those actually sentenced we add 147,000 to 450,000 and have 597,000—more than half a million prisoners. Yet only 10 per cent of our criminals are convicted. We have therefore among our 125,000,000 population about 5,000,000 criminals actively at work.

This prison population, which costs us such staggering sums to capture, convict, feed, clothe, and keep warm, is constantly increasing.

We snatched at prohibition because we were solemnly promised that it would put an end to crime and empty our jails. The increase in prison population during the last ten years has been 80 per cent! Of this population between 60 and 80 per cent are recidivists; that is, returners, habitual criminals. They come out worse than they went in; they come out again, but they can be counted on to go back. Our prisons are hardly more than retreats, sanitariums, country clubs, where the tired criminal recuperates for new projects.

But the criminals are not satisfied with our management of these big hotels. In spite of the number and magnitude of our prisons, practically all of them are 50 per cent overcrowded, and a third of them have 100 per cent more prisoners than they can decently or humanely accommodate. Frightful prison riots have resulted and the lives of prison guards are a poor insurance risk. We have seen prisons set on fire by the convicts, and National Guardsmen recapturing them with artillery. So far we have managed to retain possession of our penitentiaries, but the criminals may soon be strong enough to take them away from us and run them as they want them run. After all, why not? They run everything else, and a good hotel rule is: "The customer is always right."

OUR criminals are no longer furtive and sneaking. They ride through the streets with machine guns barking. They march into banks, drug stores, filling stations, theaters, and shout, "Stick 'em up!" They walk into homes and steal not only the valuables but the citizens themselves for ransom. They try their own cases, fight themselves for wars. They have a world of their own, laws of their own, and they plainly believe in capital punishment, since they take their own guilty ones "for a ride." But we are such a fun-loving people that we promptly turn into slang every criminal phrase. So ghastly a procedure as is meant by "going for a ride" is a mere byword.

The criminals consider our policemen fair targets and take a dreadful toll of them. If caught and put in prison, they buy their way out. If tried, they enrich clever lawyers. It is one of the jokes of eternity that Al Capone is in prison for violating the income-

tax laws. Even the few who reach the penitentiaries are apt at any moment to butcher the guards, break loose and terrorize the country, sometimes kidnapping women as shields.

But how can we blame criminals for killing people when homicide is our national pastime and it is almost impossible to get a jury to convict anybody of anything? Trials of murderers are so prolonged and so expensive and so futile that it might be both good economy and plain common sense to put an end to the whole extravaganza. It is becoming sheer burlesque. Every part of the nation is constantly excited by some picturesque murder. A private citizen, a prominent official shoots down another or is shot down by another. Women shoot their lovers or their ex-lovers, their husbands or their ex-husbands, their rivals; beat them to death, poison them, get rid of them with savage brutality.

A MILD sentence is imposed on a lady who hired two merry lads to murder her husband. They did not succeed, which was quite quaint, so the sentence was mild. And the husband kissed his wife good-bye as she was dragged away to a brief rest in prison. We are certainly the gol-darnedest forgivingest nation that ever decorated this footstool.

All that murders seem to do for us is to furnish us with entertainment. Talk about the Romans being brutal for loving to see gladiators kill each other! Our arena is the newspaper. We love originality and the artistic touch in murder, but we can get along on simple, plain fare.

Whenever anybody picturesquely slays anybody we declare a national holiday of headlines. Eventually there is a trial. This is fun too, though costly. Now the taxpayers are murdered. Often the prosecution of a murderer costs the taxpayers fifty thousand dollars, sometimes as high as a quarter of a million dollars in cases protracted for years. The murderer practically always goes free. The problem is merely how he gets off.

Practically the only punishments inflicted on a murderer among us are a lot of publicity, a lot of lost sleep during the police grillings, a lot of trouble taken in raising money to pay lawyers and experts, and a lot of time lost to his business.

The chances that any murderer in our country will be executed or even imprisoned are so small as to be negligible. Let us glance at a few of the hair-raising figures concerning American homicide and its farcical punishment.

The most humiliating and sickening feature of our crime situation is the unspeakable appearance of our country in contrast with others. England and Wales together have almost exactly a third of our population. Those two countries average about 100 homicides a year. If life were as safe here as there we should have 300 homicides a year. We have about 12,000.

This figure is confined to intentional killings of course, for—of course—we surpass all nations in accidental deaths too. During the eighteen months' fighting in the World War, 126,000 of our soldiers were killed or died and 234,300 were wounded. During the eighteen months ending December 31, 1931, our automobiles killed 53,650 men, women, and children and injured 1,576,846. Add to these the deaths in train wrecks, airplanes, shipwrecks, burning buildings, and the like and . . . But let us

turn to intentional killings.

Our recent total of 12,000 homicides in one year is not our customary achievement. It is the climax of several years' steady improvement. If we could only keep our business conditions on the same unbroken upward incline we should never have a (Continued on page twenty)



DR. MÖLLER,
the celebrated Danish expert
in diagnosis, SAYS:

"He couldn't
eat without
INDIGESTION"

DR. MÖLLER describes this case:—

"The patient had suffered from indigestion and constipation several years ... hadn't been able to eat a meal in comfort for months.

"I traced his symptoms to intestinal poisoning—advised yeast.* In a month he was no longer constipated — began to enjoy his meals again."



Note clean condition of intestines which results from eating fresh yeast regularly.

"COMPLICATED DIETS have become such a fad that a much simpler and more effective means of correcting indigestion is often overlooked. *I mean fresh yeast.*"

These are the words of Dr. Kristen Johan Möller, the noted Copenhagen internal specialist. Dr. Möller is called in consultation by other physicians in difficult problems of diagnosis. He is Doctor for the Govt. Gen'l Health Insurance of Denmark. He states:—

"When peristalsis (normal action of the intestines) grows weak, wastes collect and poisons generate. The effects are noticed in indigestion, loss of

appetite, coated tongue, headaches, 'nerves' and frequently bad skin.

"If the patient tries to cure this condition with violent drugs and cathartics, he secures temporary relief—but the intestines gradually lose their 'tone.'

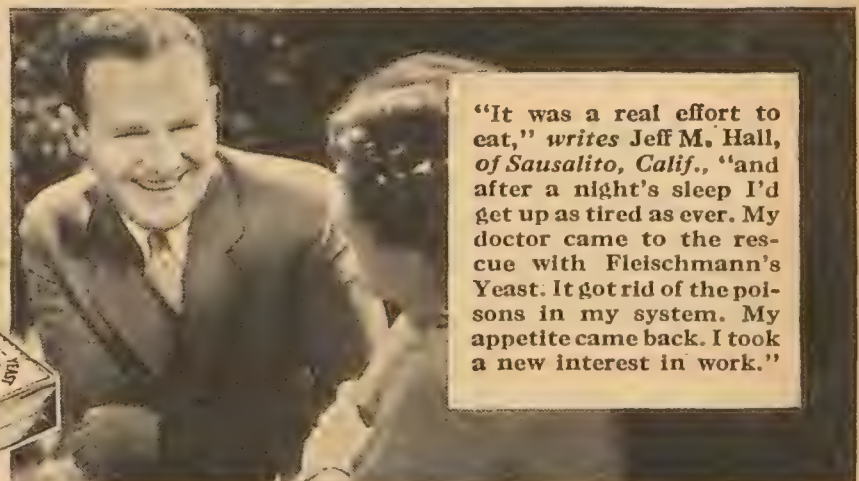
"Fresh yeast stimulates the stomach and intestines. It increases secretion of gastric juices and brings about better digestion and assimilation of food... Many times in my experience fresh yeast has brought relief when all other remedies had failed."

Yeast is *not* a medicine. It's a food,

with remarkable power to strengthen the entire digestive tract. You feel so much more *energetic* when your stomach and bowels start again to function normally!

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G, D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet, write Dept. YO-20, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, N. Y. C.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH—In the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Eat 3 cakes a day—plain, or in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.



"It was a real effort to eat," writes Jeff M. Hall, of Sausalito, Calif., "and after a night's sleep I'd get up as tired as ever. My doctor came to the rescue with Fleischmann's Yeast. It got rid of the poisons in my system. My appetite came back. I took a new interest in work."

(Continued from page eighteen) panic. We seem to succeed only in establishing crime on the upgrade.

In 1906 the rate of homicides per 100,000 of population was 5; in 1907, 6.03; in 1911, 6.6; in 1913, 7.2; in 1922, 8.4; in 1928, 8.8; in 1931, 10.5; in 1932, 10.8.

When there is a particularly flashy crime, we say: "We must cut down immigration. Those foreigners are dangerous!" Here are some figures as to the home life of those terrible aliens compared with the placid atmosphere in which our own citizens are reared. The annual rates of homicides per 100,000 are as follows:

Switzerland	0.18
Scotland	0.4
England and Wales	0.5
Japan	0.8
Australia	1.88
United States	10.8
In thirteen Canadian cities	1.7
In 141 American cities	10.4
In one American city	43.75

There are smallish American cities that have annually far more murders, more robberies than whole nations abroad. Of the homicides in England, 10 per cent of the small total were effected with firearms. In the United States, 70 per cent.

In silly old England the police do not carry firearms. If an English bobby needs a pistol he has to go back to the station house to borrow it. What a joke! In England the killing of a policeman is "practically unheard of."

In the United States the police carry weapons openly in the daylight nearly everywhere, and they are shot to death in great numbers. In Cook County, Illinois, alone, twenty officers were killed in 1926 and 1927. The number has doubtless increased, though I have no recent figures handy. Hunt them for yourself. They will daze you.

Is disarmament a remedy? It has been advocated but not practiced. We send expensive delegations to Geneva and they spend half a million dollars of our money and come back with no progress to report. Disarmament should begin at home.

The Constitution says that the right to bear arms shall not be infringed. It is not. Our criminals have armored cars with bullet-proof glass and mounted machine guns. Think of living in a country where anybody with the price and a little pull can go into a store and buy a machine gun!

TO quote Louis McHenry Howe, secretary to President Roosevelt and executive director of the National Crime Commission:

There is not a police chief in the country who has not urged that the manufacture and sale of machine guns be entirely prohibited by law. . . . A man who buys a machine gun buys it for the purpose of murder and nothing else. . . . The country would save many millions of dollars if the government would close all such factories and pay whatever just damages were determined by the courts. At one time the Crime Commission was in negotiation with the Army with the idea of securing by coöperation national legislation restricting manufacture and possession of machine guns to the Army and providing heavy penalties of ten to twenty years for the private possession of this terrible weapon. The Army could loan, under strict inspection and constant regulation, machine guns to banks and armored-car companies. But the same fatal indifference which has overtaken every other serious effort blighted this promising start toward getting action. Machine guns are now manufactured in large quantities and always have a ready sale.

He speaks of the unwillingness of the average citizen to take any interest in regard to stopping the sale of stolen property, and adds, "The criminal fence is almost immune to prosecution. . . . Under the present archaic criminal code, any clever lawyer can delay actual trial for not only weeks and months but years, until practically all the leading witnesses have been 'seen' or have so far forgotten details as to be easily confused on cross-examination."

We are always bragging of our sense of humor. "We Yankees are the gosh-dingedest cutest folks that ever lived. A sense o' yumor certainly helps you through the world. Those fool foreigners never can see the point of a joke. And, besides, we are so almighty kind-hearted! You could never show anything in this country as cruel as a bullfight."

In America, instead of allowing clever toreadors to prod a poor bull about an arena while he prods poor blindfolded horses, we find our pleasure in the courts. When a man is unlucky enough to have witnessed a murder or suffered from a robbery we put him on the witness stand and watch clever matadors, known here as criminal lawyers, prod him while poor blindfolded Justice leans on her plaster sword.

In any criminal trial the criminal is speedily established as the pathetic object of a cruel conspiracy concocted by his victims. The witnesses for the prosecution soon find themselves on trial. If a witness ever did anything wrong or foolish in his life it will be brought out without the cumbersome process of indictment. The witnesses are made contemptible or ludicrous until it has become the American habit to hide if there is ever danger of being called to submit to cross-examination.

Perhaps the worst of all our worsts is the hideous influence on our young people. Hardly a week passes without the publication of the picture of some young woman called a "gun moll."

A month or two ago a woman was arrested for shooting dead another woman, twenty-two years old. The killer or killerness stated that she was three times a widow; each of her husbands was a gangster, and each was shot dead by gangsters. The poorest lawyer in the country can get a jury to sobbing its soft heads off over that poor triple-plated widow. We weep for any widow, particularly one who has killed her own husband. We ought to pass a law exempting self-made widows from the distress of trials. We would save vast sums of money.

IF we could check the new recruits, the gangsters would soon exterminate themselves by mutual assassination. But new youngsters keep pouring in and we have today an army of juvenile criminals marauding everywhere. They are pitiable—but are as dangerous as young rattlesnakes. Nineteen years is the young criminal's dangerous age.

The cost of juvenile crime is ghastly. In Los Angeles alone juvenile delinquency costs \$525,000 a year. This is only for the care of the captured delinquent. It does not include the amount of money stolen or the destruction of life. Each juvenile incarcerated costs \$2.14 a day, far more than is allotted to many heads of families out of a job. The respectable children in Los Angeles, when cared for at the settlements and playgrounds, cost the city only eight cents a day. Judge Schauer pointed out that by entertaining children wholesomely the taxpayers could save themselves \$2.06 per child per day.

The guilt is not the young criminal's alone, for children are naturally lovers of adventure and rebels against laws they did not vote on. An impressionable lad has no Indians to shoot nowadays, even in dreams. But shooting is in his blood and is kept there by the gangsters. A radio magazine has just come to hand that tells of a man who offered a toy six-shooter to all boys who applied. His first announcement brought 24,906 requests. His second announcement stated that his supply was exhausted. He spoke over a limited network only once and 25,000 children wrote him in haste!

The American boy reads and hears everywhere of boys and their girl pals who stick up banks, drug stores, filling stations. The robbers usually get away unless they chance to be hurt or killed. If caught, the criminal can usually get bail and a good lawyer. A Chicago lawyer recently expressed his surprise at the conviction of a client of his. He said, "In one hundred and eighty-one murder trials, that's the first client of mine who ever got a conviction." But don't blame the lawyers. The juries are to blame. We are all jurors. The young American boy learns that crime is easy, the chance of conviction negligible. If he is convicted he is soon paroled.

But there is really (Continued on page twenty-two)



Curious... (*First Spud*) "What do you see in these menthol-cooled smokes? Maybe I'd better try one."



Cagy... (*Fifth Spud*) "I get it. The menthol sensation does a disappearing act... Who knows? I may get to like 'em yet!"



Convinced!... (*First pack*) "I'm with you on Spud from now on! Never met a smoother blend of tobacco... and it's sure got what it takes to keep your mouth feeling right. Did somebody say 'mouth-happiness'?"
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Tastes Differ

(Even with twins)

... but everybody likes
a clean tasting mouth!

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES



THE Thrill OF A LIFETIME

IN these days when money is tight and every penny counts, you get the thrill of a lifetime shaving with a Rolls Razor.

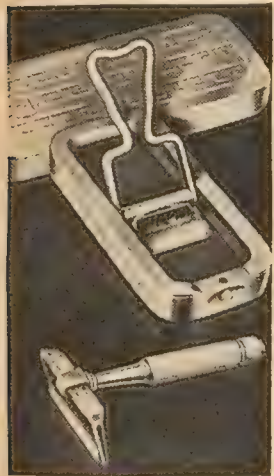
Of course, you get a thrill from the clean, smooth, non-irritating way it removes the stubble—that's to be expected.

But the real thrill comes when you realize that you don't have to keep buying packages and packages of blades, a never ending expense and a never ending irritation.

A Rolls Razor has a "Lifetime Blade". Tooled from "precision tempered" Sheffield steel and hollow ground it's the equal of the finest barber's razor.

Automatically stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, the one blade of a Rolls Razor gives a lifetime of perfect shaves if properly handled.

Buy a Rolls today and get the thrill of a lifetime and a lifetime of thrills every time you shave.



● Compact and complete in its case is razor, strop and hone. A few strokes on the automatic strop before shaving or hone when necessary, and the blade is ready to use. Just slide the "Lifetime Blade" in its handle and start the finest shave you ever had—every day.



Imperial Rolls Razor Nickel Plated. \$10
Other models and kits up to \$50

For a smooth, non-irritating lather use Rolls Razor Shaving Soap in "lock-tight" bowls. It lasts about 8 months. Price \$1.50

Rolls Razors are for sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order direct to us and we will forward a razor postpaid promptly.

Descriptive folder sent on request

Lee & Schiffer, Inc. U.S. Distributors
Dept. Q 305 East 45th Street, New York City

IRIDILIS IRA ZDIR

WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

(Continued from page twenty)
small danger of conviction. In South Carolina, from 1920 to 1926, there were 1,646 homicides and 27 executions. In New York City, from 1922 to 1928, there were 1,551 homicides with 22 convictions—one conviction in 70 cases!

In Cook County, Illinois, out of 260 homicides, in 36 per cent of the cases the identity of the slayers was not even discovered. In New York City only 53 per cent of the murderers were even indicted. Such figures can be duplicated in practically every community.

Now what about the few that are unlucky or stupid enough to get actually sent to prison? Statistics show that men sentenced to serve eighteen years serve an average of less than five years; women sentenced to serve thirteen years serve three.

Thus we entice the criminal to crime by every imaginable device. We have lost all semblance of common sense in dealing with homicide, and the result is our dazzling record, as might be expected. Take a typical case. A is found murdered. B is accused of killing him. He refuses to talk, hires the most successful criminal lawyer in the region—a whole batch of lawyers, who devote their skill to sheltering B from any proper trial. So B is acquitted.

Now it stands to reason that if I am accused of murdering my friend, my wife, or anybody, I will, if innocent, desire and demand the fullest investigation into my whereabouts. Being innocent, the law can only help me. But if I am accused and begin at once to thwart every effort of the police to learn about me, I immediately offer what any sane man would recognize as a confession of guilt. In our practice, even if a murderer under excitement blurts out a confession, his lawyers immediately get him to repudiate it, and they usually succeed in keeping it from the jury. Or they prove that the policeman who secured the confession was the real brute.

THE criminal can buy a gun anywhere. He can borrow or steal a car anywhere, and our splendidly surfaced roads will take him out of reach at sixty miles an hour.

Throughout its history our nation has shown a baffling leniency for criminals. It has done all it could to make their trade profitable and to remove its hazards.

Our situation has grown so desperate under the gigantic sway of crime that only a gigantic effort can overthrow it. We must form a vast national conspiracy against the criminals and all their allies. This is an essential part of our national recovery program. As in our Revolutionary War, we must make sure who is patriot and who is enemy. Those who are not with us are against us. We must insist upon a divorce between officers of the law and criminals. We must call everybody to come clean.

There is one step we might take that would enormously simplify the

problem of the identification of malefactors. The fingerprint system and other scientific methods of identification have given certainty to identification. But we fingerprint only after the crime is committed and the accusation fastened on the individual.

We should fingerprint everybody. The honest citizens have nothing to fear. There are countless uses for a system of universal registration and fingerprinting, such as the identification of unidentified dead, lost children, people who fall suddenly ill in strange places. The work is already well started, for the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice in Washington has collected already 3,500,000 fingerprints and receives 2,200 new ones every day from 6,000 police officials. At this rate we shall all be there eventually. Why not put us all there as soon as we can? Then when an angel-face protests his guilelessness we can learn just who it was he killed six weeks before. If it makes the rest of us be a little more careful where we put our telltale fingers, so much the better.

WE require registration of births, of marriages, of deaths. We register school children, voters, motorists, taxpayers, hotel guests, etc. The machinery for universal registration already exists in preliminary form. It is needless to point out how convenient such registration would be in the tracing and apprehension of criminals. The expense would be great, but nothing to what crime costs us every year.

We are justly proud of our forefathers. They would not endure taxation without representation. What representation have we in the parliament of our criminals? They tax us twice as heavily as our government does and allow us no vote, no appeal. Our forefathers would not permit the tyrant's troops to be quartered in our homes. Our homes are subject to invasion at any moment.

The other day I was humiliated by an expatriate who said: "I was born in America but I won't live here. I'm getting back to Europe as soon as I can. I'm ashamed of my country. I'm afraid to live here. Yesterday I heard the sheriff of Los Angeles County make a radio address advising all citizens to be very careful when they return from a motor ride to drive into their own garages cautiously, since garages are a favorite hiding place of holdup men and kidnapers. My God! Think of a civilization where a sheriff warns the people that it is dangerous to go to their own homes!"

What could I say to this treasonable talk?

Not long before, in driving into my own garage, I had heard four short sharp smacks, and a man who lived three doors away came running. He had just driven into his garage and found two men there who began to fire at him when he ran. He kept searching his coat tails for bullet holes. Of course the criminals got away.

The Declaration of Independence was and still is a noble document. Isn't it about time we drew up a new one? Isn't it time that, for the honor and self-respect of our nation, we declared war on a more cruel, murderous foe than we ever knew before? The Revolutionary War was a protest against tyranny and taxation, brought to a head by the killing of a few citizens.

We are slaughtered in ten-thousand lots and taxed billions of dollars every year by the dark powers that run and ruin our country.

Let us either quit killing each other and quit making our jury boxes mere rabbit hutches, or let us frankly put down on our expense accounts and budgets, for each dollar: 25 cents for upkeep of misgovernment, 50 cents for upkeep of crime, 5 cents for food, 3 cents for clothing, 5 cents for transportation, 5 cents for education, 5 cents for rent, 2 cents for a newspaper to give us our national amusement—reading about murders, kidnappings, embezzlements, fraudulent investments, crooked politics, and our screamingly funny law courts.

And now let us all rise and sing, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue." Red for the blood we shed when we are shot down; white for our white livers; blue for our blue bellies. And the stars? Are they only what we see when the footpad cracks us over the skull because we did not have on our persons or in our homes enough money to pay him for the compliment he paid us by his visit?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—Who was Michael Faraday?
 - 2—Who was James Gadsden?
 - 3—What is a galvanometer?
 - 4—What is an entropy?
 - 5—Who discovered insulin?
 - 6—What is the length of Long Island, New York?
 - 7—What is a tyro?
 - 8—What is the weight of a carat?
 - 9—Who was the author of The Old Oaken Bucket?
 - 10—Where is the largest bell in the world?
 - 11—Who invented the miner's safety lamp?
 - 12—What does the word hippopotamus literally mean?
 - 13—The District of Columbia was formerly a part of what state?
 - 14—What state is known as the Nutmeg State?
 - 15—Who wrote The Man with the Hoe?
 - 16—How many shots are fired in our national salute to the flag?
 - 17—What is the meaning of the word bibliophile?
 - 18—Who was called the Angel of the Crimea?
 - 19—What is a farrier?
 - 20—What is kleptomania?
- (Answers will be found on page 46)



Don't let the 7 stains
spoil the beauty of your teeth!

WHO would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Some you can see, right after eating. Others show up only over a course of time—result in a gradual dulling, darkening of teeth.

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The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth { 1. Meats and other proteins—2. Cereals and other starchy foods—3. Vegetables—4. Sweets—5. Fruits—6. Beverages—7. Tobacco smoke



KING, EMPEROR,



Charles Laughton and Binnie Barnes in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, the former in the title rôle.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 22 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII

THE CAST: Charles Laughton, Henry VIII; Robert Donat, Culpeper; Lady Tree, Henry's old nurse; Binnie Barnes, Catharine Howard; Elsa Lanchester, Anne of Cleves; Merle Oberon, Anne Boleyn; Franklin Dyall, Cromwell; Miles Mander, Wriothesley; Wendy Barrie, Jane Seymour; Claud Allister, Cornell; John Loder, Thomas Peynell; Everley Gregg, Catharine Parr; Laurence Hanray, Cranmer; William Austin, Duke of Cleves; John Turnbull, Holbein; Frederick Cully, Duke of Norfolk; Gibb McLaughlin, French Executioner; Sam Livesey, English Executioner. Directed by Alexander Korda.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., saw this picture in England, where it was made, he immediately announced that he was going to stay there and that Elstree would presently supplant Hollywood as the capital of the movie industry. This seemed a slightly preposterous notion at the time, but after looking at *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, it makes more sense. If it did no more than prove that a cast of British actors can dress up in knee breeches and play a court scene without choking on their tongues, it would rate as one of the most surprising productions of the year; but it does a great deal more. Charles Laughton looks almost exactly like Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII. Even if he didn't you would never, after seeing this picture, be able to rid yourself of the notion that Laughton not only looked like the king but by some happy coincidence happened also to be aware of all those emotional complications which in grammar-school history books are implied by the bald statistics that Henry VIII had six wives.

Henry's first wife was a good woman; he divorced her. The second, Anne Boleyn, was bad; he had her executed. So that no time would be wasted before his marriage to Jane Seymour, he had a drum give the signal the instant Anne's head rolled off the block. Jane Seymour died furnishing an heir to the throne one day when the king was out hunting. His courtiers persuaded him to marry again, this time to a clever German princess, who, because she was in love with some one else, contrived to seem so unattractive that the king was willing to spend his wedding night playing cards. After their divorce, Henry fell in love with Catharine Howard, married her, and comfortably remarked to his court that "Life has found its meaning." He believed it until he learned that Catharine was having a love affair. When her head had been chopped off, he cried. By the time he acquired his last

Charles Laughton as Henry VIII—
and a Couple of "Easterns"

By BEVERLY

wife, Catharine Parr, he was a feeble old man with barely enough enthusiasm left to go on gnawing a chicken wing when Catharine said that it would give him indigestion.

All this might, obviously, have been turned into a standard historical picture. Instead, Alexander Korda, who directed it, made the story move at full speed. With none of the tedious respect with which British pictures can be expected to treat the Crown, he made one of the funniest bits the year out of a sequence showing the king complaining about the lack of refinement at his court while he eats his dinner with both hands, flicking scraps across his shoulder. Laughton gives a superb performance, which is less surprising than the fact that three of his leading ladies—with such weird names as Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon, and Wendy Barrie—are more than pretty enough to belong in Hollywood—if, as is highly likely, Douglas Fairbanks's prophecy proves wrong.

★★★ THE EMPEROR JONES

THE PLAYERS: Paul Robeson, Dudley Digges, Frank Wilson, Fredi Washington, Ruby Elzy, Blueboy O'Connor. Directed by Dudley Murphy.

It is curious that more of Eugene O'Neill's plays have not been made into pictures. This one waited for ten years. Finally Dudley Murphy, who had written a script long before talkies came in, persuaded Gifford Cochrane and John Krimsky to take a chance on it. As soon as the producers signed Paul Robeson to play the lead their risk of a failure became practically invisible. Robeson gives a magnificent performance—so good in fact that the play shows signs of creaking.

The creaking occurs when *The Emperor Jones* ceases to be the story of a brash, free-and-easy Pullman porter who makes himself king of a tropical island and when it becomes instead a somewhat fantastical account of how he arrives at his sad end. Brutus Jones starts out as a God-fearing Baptist, proud of his uniform, his visored cap, and his black girl Dolly. Presently he becomes involved with a slick high-yellow sweetheart, on



A scene from O'Neill's play, with Dudley Digges as the trader and Paul Robeson as the Emperor Jones.

and CLOWN

*the Emperor Jones as a Movie—
among the New Films*

HILLS

whose account he kills his best friend with a razor. Sent to a chain gang, he kills a guard and escapes to a cattle boat bound for Jamaica. When he sees an island with an inviting beach, he swims ashore. He shoots craps with the natives, bluffs a white trader (Dudley Digges) into giving him a partnership, and finally terrifies the king—a queer little colored gentleman with a British accent and a silk hat—into handing over the throne.

Jones's plan is to clean up enough money on the island to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life, but just before he has what he thinks is enough, his subjects revolt. There comes what was intended to be the most impressive sequence in the picture—Jones's effort to run away, his mounting terror in the forest that lies between the palace and the coast, and finally his death—when his subjects pump him full of the silver bullets which he has made them believe are the only kind that can do him any harm.

It may be that the forest episode is an exception to the otherwise sound rule that anything that can be done on the stage can be done better in the movies. Or it may be simply that the Emperor Jones is so real a person by the time he reaches this stage that it is impossible, even to oblige O'Neill, to confuse him with a funny-paper black-amoor, yelping "Lawdy help us!" at the sight of a white nightgown flapping on a clothesline in the dark.

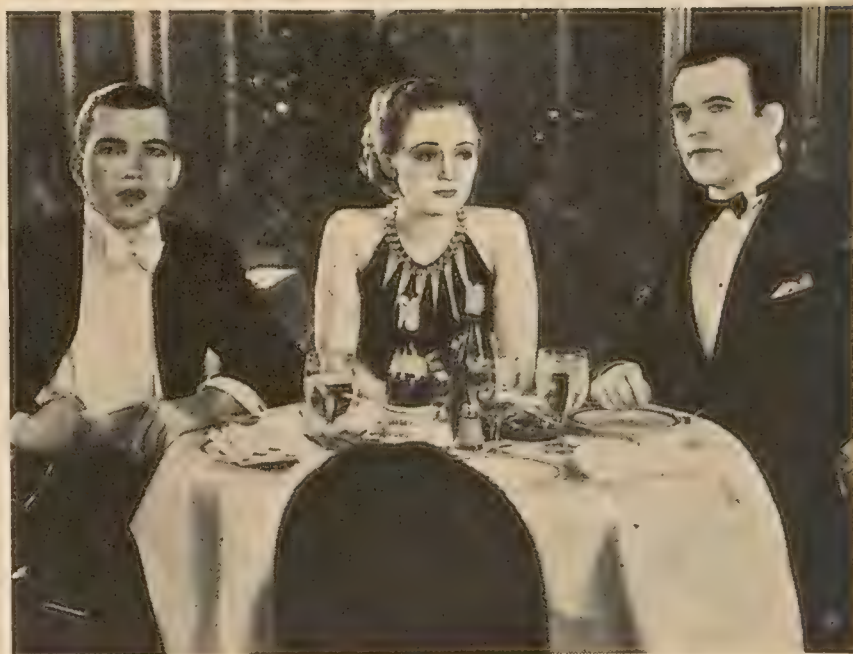
We are complaining about the end of *The Emperor Jones* mainly because the rest of it is so good.

★★ BRIEF MOMENT

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Donald Cook, Reginald Mason. Directed by David Burton.

A night-club hostess with character and intelligence marries a rich young man with very little of either. That is the theme of this picture. What makes it amusing is the bright dialogue.

What *Brief Moment* really amounts to is a type of picture rather than an individual production. In the



Ed Sullivan, New York columnist, Josephine Dunn, and Johnny Walker as they appear in Mr. Broadway.

days when seven out of ten movies concerned horses, cowboys, and a heroine imprisoned in a shack, every one knew what a "Western" was. A picture which gives the impression that most of the walls are constructed of glass and that the people who live in New York spend a major proportion of their time making cocktail conversation is an Eastern, and *Brief Moment* is a first-rate sample of its class. Monroe Owsley, who is to the Eastern almost what Bill Hart was to its predecessor, has the rôle of a professional humorist who exerts a bad influence on the hero. As usual, he contrives to get more than his share of cocktails and most of the good lines.

★ MR. BROADWAY

THE PLAYERS: Ed Sullivan, Johnny Walker, Josephine Dunn, Dita Parlo. Directed by Johnny Walker.

This picture is billed as containing 34 stars and 200 girls. It is actually a quickie which shows Ed Sullivan, one of New York's Broadway columnists, visiting night clubs and restaurants. The stars are the patrons of the night clubs, their orchestra leaders, and their headline performers who bow, speak a few words, or even perform briefly when introduced. The girls are the members of the floor shows. All this might possibly have been entertaining if it had been carefully produced. Since even the lighting and sound effects are carelessly handled, it is one of the season's crudest pictures.

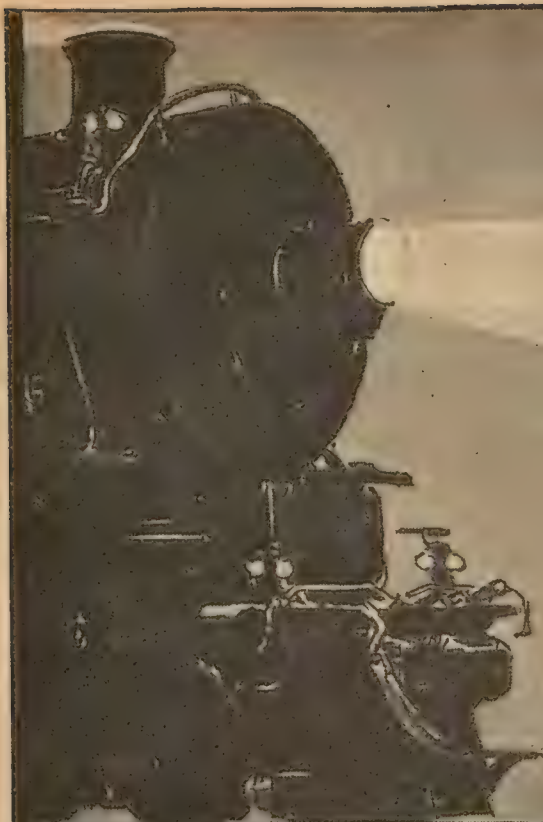
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Bitter Sweet*, *The Power and the Glory*, *Berkeley Square*, *F. P. 1*, *Lady for a Day*, *Bed of Roses*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Noah's Ark*, *The Warrior's Husband*, *Thunder Over Mexico*, *Nothing Ever Happens*.

★★★—*Too Much Harmony*, *My Weakness*, *I Loved a Woman*, *Torch Singer*, *Bureau of Missing Persons*, *Turn Back the Clock*, *One Man's Journey*, *Night Flight*, *Broadway to Hollywood*, *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, *Morning Glory*, *The Man Who Dared*, *Another Language*, *Double Harness*, *The Stranger's Return*, *Pilgrimage*, *Good-bye Again*, *I Loved You Wednesday*, *Voltaire*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *The Silver Cord*, *Looking Forward*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Never Give a Sucker a Break*, *The Barbarian*, *Reunion in Vienna*, *Zoo in Budapest*, *The Little Giant*, *A Bedtime Story*, *The Devil's Brother*, *Working Man*, *Hell Below*, *Picture Snatcher*, *Baby Face*.



Gene Raymond, Carole Lombard, and Monroe Owsley in a scene from the sprightly picture Brief Moment.



The



A Story Which Shows that Two
Surprises Are Better than One

By

JAMES HOPPER

(Reading time: 6 minutes 45 seconds.)

MY second year had only begun; and already, instead of digging at conic sections that evening, I was reading the paper—a newspaper a week old at that. There was in it an interview with Wally Reagan, the small-boy star of the movies. Wally, it seemed, had grown since I had last seen him on the films. He was now telling the world that he was leaving a million-dollar contract to go to college. Which college, it didn't say.

At that moment Tom Morton appeared framed in my opened door, a cautioning finger on his nose. "Meet in my room in ten minutes," he said. "Getting up a little crowd to go hunting."

Hunting, at that time of the year, meant freshmen. Half an hour later I was with a small band of marauding sophs ambushed behind a hedge. "Here comes one sure," said Tom Morton, stretching his neck.

He did look like one sure, passing under the light. A slight youth, modishly dressed, innocently carrying under his arms a pile of books like an accordion. We stepped out as he came into the shadow. He had large gray eyes, long-lashed like a girl's.

Tom confronted the kid and swept the neat fedora from his head. "What are you doing with that hat, freshman?" he roared. "Don't you know that freshmen wear dinkies?"

"No, sir," said our captive timidly. "I didn't know we were supposed to wear dinkies."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," said Tom. He turned to us. "Fresh, eh? He has deserved the Third Punishment. Blindfold him, Snell."

We had with us bandannas, ropes, and bale wire. Snell blindfolded the freshman. Ringing him, we followed Tom, wondering what the Third Punishment might be, but gleefully confident in his ingenuity. We crossed the sleeping north end of town, and in the open, still, and sad plain came to the one-track railroad that ran to Waterville. We came to a derailing switch with rails flaky with rust by the side of the gleaming main rails.

"Know where you are, freshman?" said Tom. "You're on the tracks of the Waterville line. We're going to tie you across the tracks. The local passes at nine forty-seven. It's nine thirty. We've got a little shopping to do. We're going to leave you here for a while. But we'll try to be back in time—"

We upset the blindfolded captive and tied him securely across the tracks. That is, across the rusty derailing switch. That was the joke. He would think that he was tied across the main line.

We strode off with the noise of going away, but merely crossed the embankment and lay down along its side.

Almost right away the thing began to be less amusing than we had expected. The night was black. The plain stretched mournfully on the other side of the embankment and stretched mournfully behind us. Our captive had not helped at all. He had not resisted or struggled.

And now Snell whispered, "Fellows! Suppose the train did happen to take that switch!"

We stirred uneasily. But Tom quickly snapped into a defense of his masterpiece. "It's a derailing switch, ain't it? Well, they're not going to derail that train, are they?"

We relaxed a bit; we waited. But after a while Snell

Hazing



The train seemed fairly to leap upon us. A great iron clamor, mixed with infernal glows.

was hissing again. "But they do derail trains sometimes," he whispered. "That's what the switch is for!"

Tom said, "Shut up!"

And it was too late now, anyway. Our stomachs tightened as we recognized a sound that had been for a minute in our ears. The rails near our noses had become alive; they were whispering, they were singing, a cadence hummed along their length. A wan light had come upon the right-of-way. It increased rapidly to a violent white light, as also the sound waxed.

At the last the train seemed fairly to leap upon us out of the night. A great iron clamor, mixed with infernal glows, with a smell of hot oil and of steam, passed above our heads as we cowered along the embankment—a hideous clamor that seemed to bite into our hearts.

A little shakily we ran across the still vibrant right-of-way toward the still, stretched form. We cut rope and unwound wire. "Get up, freshman!" we jocosely shouted. "Wake up, freshman!"

But the freshman was not getting up, nor waking up. He lay there, unbound but inert.

"He's just out, that's all," said Tom. "Get water."

At the foot of the embankment there was a pool of rain water. We brought up water in our caps. We wet the freshman's brow; we chafed his hands. He remained limp. His large gray girl's eyes were now like marbles.

"I'll get help," Snell said, and started toward the road along which rare cars passed.

In a minute he was back with help. And that succor was none other than sardonic "Curt" Bacon, professor in biology, general undergraduate confounder and befuddler. In one way it was not so bad a choice. Curt had practiced medicine before going in for research, and still practiced a bit on his friends.

He took us in with one glance, his nostrils already quivering with anticipation. "Well, what is it?"

"We tied him to the spur track," Tom began bravely. "And the train passed on the main track. And now—and now— Oh, professor, do something!"

The professor knelt down by the still form. He put his ear to the closed mouth as if listening to a secret. He unbuttoned coat and shirt, placed his ear against the heart, and listened—my God!—a whole year. He got up, seemed to reflect, drew a stethoscope from his breast pocket, knelt and listened again—two years this time.

He rose. "Shall we call an ambulance?" said Tom.

The professor sniffed. "What you need is the coroner."

"But nobody touched him!" Tom began to shout. "Nothing touched him! He was on this track, right here—this rusty one! And the train passed on the other track—that one! Not on the track he was on!"

"Mr. Morton," said Curt, "your intellect is in want of a course in psychology. Or in simple matters every one knows. Have you never heard of the Turk kneeling and about to be beheaded? And how, to the smart swish of a wet towel across his neck, he fell dead, thinking his head was off? Things like that happen."

"I'm going to get an ambulance!" Tom roared.

"Just a moment," said the professor.

HE squatted at the head of that freshman, now so dreadful to us; he clasped his hands beneath the freshman's neck, and rose. And as he rose the freshman was also rising, stiff as a board. He let the freshman down, callously released him a few inches from the ground. The freshman hit flat, rebounded a little, and was still.

"Rigor mortis," said the professor.

A hollow groan answered him, and Tom Morton's six foot three telescoped in a dead faint.

We threw water on Tom. Liberally. "Kick him a bit," said the professor. And we kicked Tom's ribs, liberally. Till he awoke.

To pass out again. A ghost was coming toward him. Our freshman, perpendicular and on his feet, was rushing toward us, full of concern. "Oh, say," he was babbling, "I didn't mean to carry it out that far! Oh, say, I didn't mean to fool you that bad!"

The professor bowed. "I think," he said, his brush mustache rabbiting in that manner we knew so well, "I can now safely leave you gentlemen."

"Who is he?" whispered the freshman, following the professor's departure with those large gray girl's eyes which were beginning to torment me with a sense of something seen before. "He's a smart one. He got me right away—"

"Who are you, freshman?" roared Tom, waking up for the second time. "That's what I want to know! What's your name, freshman?" he roared.

"Wally—Wally Reagan," said the freshman, stuttering modestly. "I—I—I used to work in the movies."

THE END

STRANGE CRIMES AT SEA

ILLUSTRATION BY
HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 16 minutes 55 seconds.)

THERE was a skirl in Roderick Mackenzie's voice that boded no good for Englishmen—an audaciousness in his stride, a blaze in his gray Scotch-Irish eyes.

It was on a Saturday—August 12 in the year 1704—and an English ship rode out there in the harbor. Mackenzie stared at her a long time, then walked through the streets of Edinburgh toward the City Cross, looking for "such genteel pretty fellows" as might accompany him on an adventure he had in mind.

He singled out a number and invited each one to "take a Saturday dinner" with him somewhere in the country, and sip a flagon or two of wine.

"Some gave me the slip at Edinburgh," he later wrote, "and others did the like after they had got as far as Leith and Newhaven. Yet after all there remained with me eleven persons, who frankly and fearlessly were willing to bear a share in my fate of that day—but generously subjected themselves to my conduct."

It was a year of bitterness and strife between Englishmen and Scots, and war hovered over the border. The Scotch had grievances. The English had power. William and Mary had lately occupied the double throne of England and Scotland; but they had seemed to favor the Anglo-Saxons over the Picts and Scots.

Mackenzie was only a clerical man, but his soul fed itself on fire. He was secretary of the Scottish company that had planned, years before, to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama—then known as Darien. He had invested money in the project, as had almost every moneyed man in Scotland, and he blamed England for the company's failure.

In 1695 the Scottish Parliament had empowered the company to deal with Africa, the Indies, and all the rest of the world; and William of Orange had bound himself to assist if it were attacked by "an alien power." By alien he did not mean British, as the Scots were to learn.

A band of brave adventurers was sent out to dig the canal.

At first they sent back glowing accounts of the country, the climate, the wondrous vegetation—a fruit called the pineapple made them almost incoherent—the gold dust, and the work accomplished. But diseases, mosquitoes, Spaniards, Indians, French, and English soon brought death and woe. The English helped to beat off the French and Spanish—and dispersed the Scotch. If there was going to be any canal across that isthmus, it was going to be owned by the English East India Company.

In Scotland great multitudes of people milled day and night in the streets, talking of the greed of England and the callousness of William and Mary, and demanding vengeance for the loss of their money and the cruelties, privations, and deaths of their friends and relatives. The Scotch journals lampooned the English caustically, and English journals retaliated.

Feeling between the stepsister nations grew hostile.

The English acted first. They seized the Scotch vessel Annandale when she anchored in a British port, and confiscated her cargo—which is said to have contained several chests of treasure—and the English Court of Exchequer held the ship forfeited in favor of the English East India Company.

It was shortly after this that the British ship Worcester, fleeing foul weather, ran into the Firth of Forth, anchored off Burntisland, opposite Edinburgh.

"That ship's affiliated with the English East India Company," Mackenzie said. And straightway he marched

The Ha of the Inn

SECOND OF A GREAT
LOUIS B. DAVIDSON



Mackenzie's pistol is thrust into the captain's

to the offices of the Scottish Admiralty and demanded that they seize the English ship.

"On what authority?"

Mackenzie burst into flames.

"On the authority of the charter of the Scottish company, which authorizes us to make reprisals!" he shouted. "Reprisals for the Annandale!"

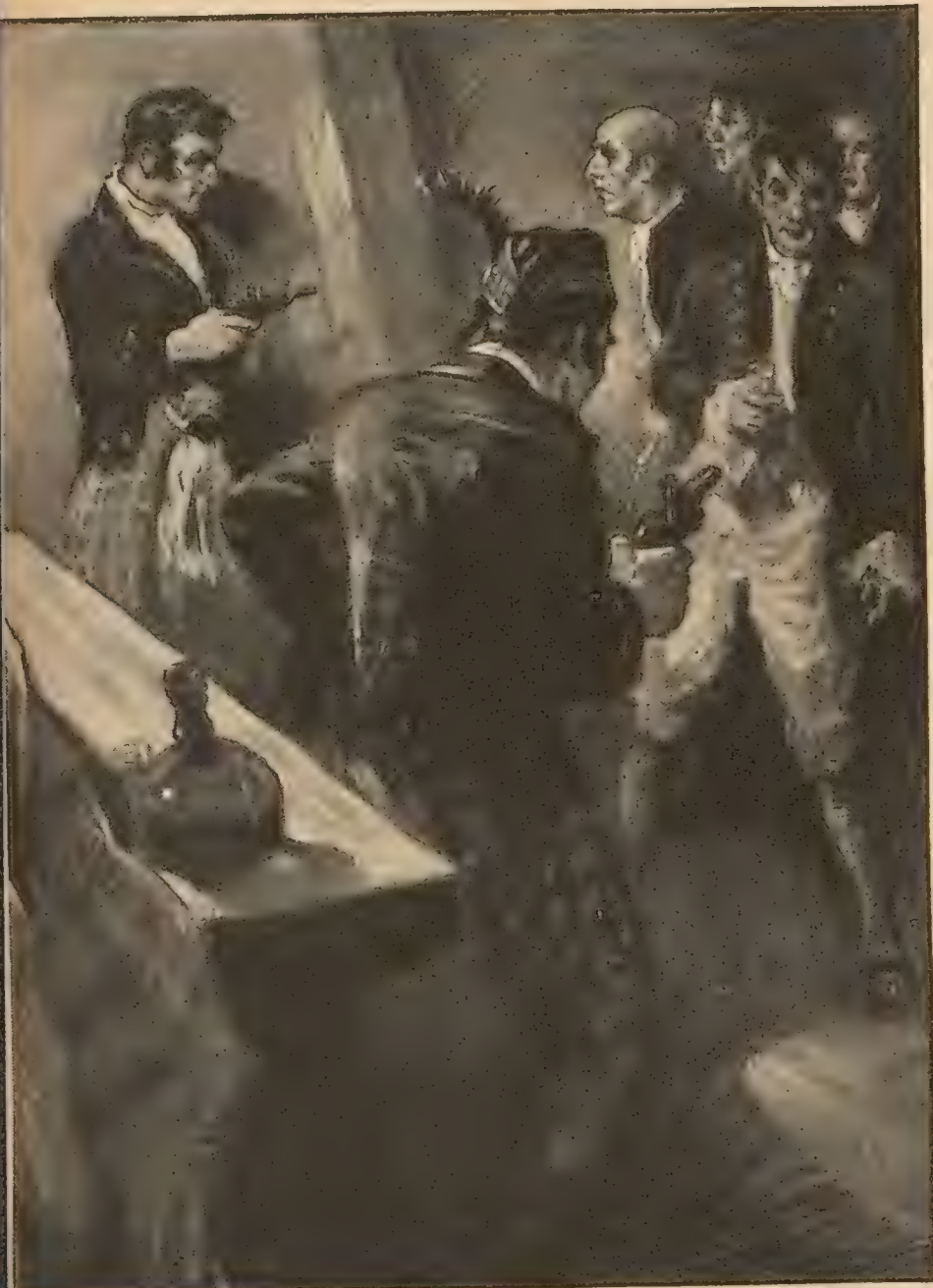
"That applies to foreigners, not to Englishmen in Scottish waters."

"We'll see about that," Mackenzie said. And he marched away with his head high and his eyes keen to pick out the genteel pretty fellows he needed for the project already designed.

nging ocents

NEW SERIES By

and EDWARD DOHERTY



face. Five others are jerked out simultaneously.

He got his pretty fellows, and dined them well and wined them tolerably, and armed them as best he could. He said no word to the wee wife or the bairns. He did not even venture near his home.

At eventide Mackenzie and three of his band set out in a little boat from Leith, and four others rowed from Newhaven.

"And while I was tongue-pading and entertaining the ship's officers with a hearty bowl in the cabin, my friends got aboard unsuspected," Mackenzie wrote to the directors of the company. "The third boat with the last of our four friends made a feint toward the man-of-war that lay in the road, but in a short time came toward the East

The Story of a Stolen
Ship and a Triple Murder
Which Even the Queen of
England Couldn't Prevent

India ship. By this time we were all very busy aboard, some drinking and others merchandising, until those who were in the third boat could likewise easily come aboard unsuspected."

Observe Mackenzie now. There is a flush in his countenance—but not a flush of rage. He is a charming fellow who can drink all night and never show a care. The skirl has gone from his voice. His eye is mellow, friendly, fond. His ears hearken to the words of Captain Green and the other officers. And when the boatswain complains they have but little room and small convenience for entertaining persons of quality, and that several other gentlemen are drinking between decks, Mackenzie is all apology and concern.

"Forgi' us, good Captain Green," he says. "We ha' ta'en up too much o' your time and space. Will ye mak' ready oor bit boat, and we'll gi' way to these ithers."

"No, no, no!" cries the captain. "Bring them up, boatswain—there's plenty of room."

"Aye," Mackenzie agrees, "and bring a' the officers together here. We'll toast them a' in good red rum."

The officers are assembled, and they drink with a will and a pleasure good for honest men to see. Some of Mackenzie's friends stagger merrily out upon the decks, two standing guard on the main deck near the fore-castle, two on the quarter-deck, two by the gun-room door.

THE audacious angry Scot is about to seize the vessel. An English warship lies close by. What cares Mackenzie? The crew of the Worcester vastly outnumbers his little band. But they suspect nothing. The moon is bright. But Mackenzie does not ask for darkness.

"Let us drink to your Lordship!" the jolly captain cries. "And does your Lordship know a good Scotch song?"

A Scotch song! Mackenzie had arranged for the fight to start with the singing of a song.

Mackenzie puts down his glass and his hand moves furtively toward the pistol under his plaids. He hums for a moment, looks at his men, winks, and starts to sing:

"When she cam ben, she bobbet—"

There is the skirl of bagpipes in the air, claymores flashing, clans gathering in the heather, signal fires burning warnings into the night.

One line of the song—and Mackenzie's pistol is thrust into the captain's face. Five other pistols are jerked out simultaneously in the little cabin—and out on the decks Mackenzie's picked men are being persuasive with swords and bayonets and little pocket pistols.

"About 9 o'clock in the evening," Mackenzie recounts, "we became absolute masters of both ship and crew without any bloodshed on either side."

"We immediately turned loose most of the ordinary sailors ashore, and after securing most of the small arms, I sealed the hatches, gun room, and other things with our company seal in the presence of the gunner, carpenter, and others of the crew whom I kept aboard as witnesses to all that had been enacted during the event."

All that night and the following Sunday Mackenzie stayed aboard. On Monday he weighed anchor; but there was no wind and the ship had to be towed. He brought it into Burntisland Harbor and went back to his three-legged stool in the office.

Mrs. Mackenzie greeted him with suspicion when he arrived at home that night.

"Oh, I'll believe ye drank wi' them. I'll believe that! But calling you 'my

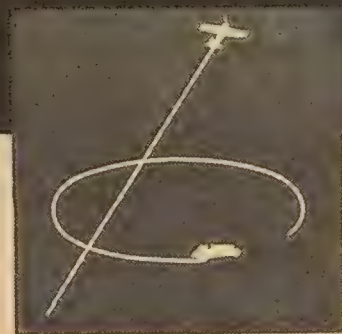
(Continued on page thirty-one)

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(Continued from page twenty-nine)
Lord'—and you taking the ship—Roderick Mackenzie, ye've gone daft!"

"Peace, woman!" Mackenzie belowered. "I ha' nae slepit but twa hours in twa days. I ha' nae lied."

"Ye did tak' the ship?"

"Aye. And I'll keep her, too."

On Tuesday Mackenzie asked leave of his directors to commence action in the High Court of Admiralty to condemn the Worcester and its cargo, to compensate the Scottish company for its losses in the Annandale.

The board of directors gave him permission, and Mackenzie addressed the court. But he didn't stick to his subject. He stated that he had gathered from some of the ship's crew, in their cups, an idea that Captain Green was nothing less than a pirate.

"I ha' nae doot," he said, "he sunk the Speedy Return and murdered all hands aboard her."

The Speedy Return, Captain Drummond, a ship of the Scottish company, had sailed for the Indies three years before, and no word of her had ever come back.

The court was impressed and ordered an inquiry. Mackenzie undertook it eagerly—and romance helped it to a strange trial and a savage end.

Anne Seaton, a bonny lass who had loved a sailor of the Speedy Return, went walking out with George Haines of the Worcester to learn what she could of her man.

But Haines was as handsome a lad as ever put hands on a rope, and strong, and easy of tongue, and lonesome as all sailors are in a strange port—and Anne began soon to lose interest in her lost love.

"Marry me, Anne," Haines begged—though he had known her scarce a week.

They sat in a public place, with drinks in front of them, and ears in back of them and to the right of them and to the left of them—hairy ears attuned to catch the slightest whisper.

"I CANNA," Anne said, though it was plain she wanted to. "I canna marry till Captain Drummond comes back wi' his crew, and my young mon among 'em. Yet I dinna ken that he's alive."

"If he sailed on Drummond's ship," Haines made bold answer, "you'll never see him again. Don't waste your life, lassie. Dead men don't come home."

Before the day was done the word had gone through Edinburgh—and Haines was on his way to a dungeon cell in the Castle.

Mackenzie began diligently to question all the crew and to make a thorough search of the Worcester. He found a copy of his company's seal—and that was evidence enough for the indictment of Captain Green, his first mate Madder, the second mate Reynolds, Haines, and fourteen others on the charge of "committing acts of piracy in February of the year 1703, off the coast of Malabar, by attacking

a vessel bearing a red flag, carrying Englishmen or Scotchmen, capturing the vessel, seizing and killing the crew, and pirating the contents."

It was never established that any act of piracy had been committed. No specific act of piracy could be shown. The name of the vessel supposed to have been seized was not mentioned at the trial—nor learned afterward. There was no attempt to identify her.

And yet, even though the coast of Malabar was thousands of miles away from Edinburgh, the court felt it had jurisdiction in the matter and put the prisoners on trial.

THEY were marched into court. Two were Negroes; and one of these, Ferdinando the cook, was ill and had to lie down most of the time. The other, Antonio Francisco, a huge man with long arms, bore his chains as though accustomed to them. For months he had been chained in the forecabin of the Worcester and the irons had left livid scars upon him. The colored men and the surgeon, Charles May, turned state's evidence. It was hinted by Englishmen that they had been cajoled or threatened into perjuring themselves. They saved themselves, to hang their fellows.

The trial was conducted speedily to the only end foreseen. The jury was composed of sea captains and traders, most of whom had bought shares in the Scotch company. And all the witnesses were "interested parties"—except Anne Seaton.

The dying cook—he lived just long enough to testify—was the only one to give an eye-witness account of the supposed battle. He said he was aboard the Worcester when Green and Madder and others pursued and captured a ship that flew the English flag. For three days, he said, the Worcester chased and fought this ship. Green and Madder and others, he swore, boarded her with hatchets and pistols in their hands. They killed every man aboard her and threw them overboard.

Sir David Dalrymple showed the man a frayed garment.

"Is this your coat?"

"Yes, sir. Yon's my coat."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the ship Captain Green and them captured. It was my part of the loot."

Sir David passed the coat to the jury, asking that they notice the cloth was of Scotch manufacture.

The cook testified further that the captured vessel was sold on the Malabar coast to one Coge Commodo, a Portuguese receiver of pirated ships.

Antonio testified that he didn't see the fight, being chained. But he heard it and saw goods brought aboard.

The surgeon didn't witness the fight either. He was ashore at the time, and some one told him the Worcester was fighting another ship. Who told him? Why, Coge Commodo. The surgeon's testimony was purely hearsay, but the court allowed it.

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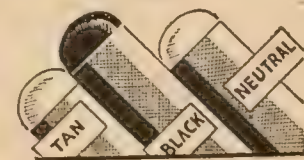


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The Worcester sprang a leak, May said, but instead of putting into the nearest port she sailed for five weeks to a distant harbor—apparently to avoid inquiries.

Dalrymple called a few witnesses to show that the Worcester had no legitimate cargo; nothing but arms and ammunition—and too great a bulk of arms for an honest merchantman. He brought out the fact that the captain and the owner corresponded in a secret cipher.

James Wilkie, a tailor, swore that Haines admitted to him that he was a pirate. Wilkie's son had sailed on the Speedy Return as ship's surgeon. Others testified they had heard Haines say it was remarkable the ground did not open and swallow the crew of the Worcester for the wickedness they had committed.

Mackenzie quoted Haines as saying:

"Lord God, our sloop was more terrible on the coast of Malabar than ever Captain Gordon was or will be to the French privateers on the coast of Scotland."

That—or words to that effect. Haines, Mackenzie said, "was mellow with punch" at the time.

"Thank you, Mr. Mackenzie," Dalrymple said. "Call Anne Seaton."

Anne was nervous, frightened, a reluctant witness. Her eyes were full of tears and they kept watching Haines, pitying him, loving him, unwillingly saying farewell.

ALL the courtroom knew Haines had confided in her. All the court and all the people in Edinburgh waited to hear what she had to say.

She spoke in a gentle voice, and said she knew nothing of Haines or of his past. Only one thing she admitted: Haines had told her he had something hidden aboard the Worcester, something important. What it was she did not know. Nobody knew. Nobody ever found it—though Mackenzie almost tore the ship plank from plank in his search.

Dalrymple made an ingenuous address to the jury, stressing the "importance" of the cook's coat, the secret code, the arms, the story of

the cook—who was dying and therefore incapable of lying. He dwelt on the statements of Haines as reported by witnesses; the finding of the seal; and the testimony of the surgeon May.

The jury found the prisoners guilty, and the court sentenced them to be hanged—"in three separate in-

stallments, with-in flood-mark on the sands of Leith."

Bells rang. Cannons banged. Bonfires flared on the hills. Bagpipes skirled, and kilted figures danced and shouted in joy.

ENGLAND was shocked. Government officers threatened to blockade the Scottish coast. Naval officers commenced to search Scotch ships in Scotch waters. The queen went into conference with her ministers, and began to make inquiries of her own concerning the fate of the Speedy Return.

Slowly the incident worked itself up to a crisis.

On April 11, 1705, the members of the Privy

Council shut themselves up in their chambers beneath Parliament House, in Edinburgh, to act in secret.

Mobs gathered in the streets. There was a rumor that a messenger had come that morning from London bearing a document signed by the queen. The mob stormed Parliament House and the Castle where the prisoners lay in fetters.

Anne Seaton was in the dungeon cell with Haines, pleading with him to clear his conscience and save his life.

"Confess?" cried Haines. "What have I to confess, save that I talked a lot of nonsense in my cups?"

"Confess and save yourself," she begged. "What will become o' me an they put a rope aroon' your neck? Do ye no love me, Geordie? They'll pardon ye, laddie, for a bit paper wi' your name writ on it. They'll let ye live—an' we can marry."

"Oh," Haines said. "If that's the way it is, call in the warder and I'll talk."

The mob had broken into Parliament House. Anne made her way through them somehow, trying to get to the councilors before it was too late. The paper Haines had signed was clutched in her hands.

JUMBLEJEMS

YOU MUST HAVE
ONE ON THE
HOUSE!



MNCEYEH

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 53.

It confessed that the Worcester had captured a vessel, not off the Malabar coast but near Sacrifice Rock, off Calcutta, and had murdered every one of her crew. The name of the vessel was not known, but the crew "spoke the Scottish tongue." It stated further that Haines had written down the particulars in his diary—and had thrown it overboard after Mackenzie had seized the ship. Fists were beating on the door of the chambers when Anne went through the crowd. Voices were shouting, "Hang them!" Weapons were brandished.

Inside, the councilors were making up their minds. The queen's message said she had reason to believe Captain Drummond and his crew were alive and therefore Captain Green and his men were innocent. She sent affidavits tending to show that the Worcester had fought no ship off Malabar. She did not request the release of the prisoners, but hoped the councilors would give them a reprieve—enough time to prove their innocence.

The councilors wanted to please the queen—but they feared the mob. The door weakened. A voice shouted, "Are ye hanging them or no?"

"Aye!" a councilor shouted. "We're hanging them noo—on the sands o' Leith."

AT once the mob dispersed, some running to the Leith shore, others to the Castle. Anne fell fainting. Rough hands bore her away, and rough shoes trampled the paper she had dropped.

She became aware of herself hours later on the sands of Leith, with three great gallows platforms rising before her, and ladders leaning against them.

Three men went slowly up those ladders. One was Captain Green, one was Madder the mate, and one was Gunner Simpson. Each had a cloth over his face. She turned away, sick, wondering where Geordie was and when he would walk up the ladder.

She hurried from the crowd, and a man's hand caught her wrist. She turned and saw Mackenzie. "They've spared your mon for ye," he said, "him and a' the ithers."

Anne hurried to the Castle and there learned that he had spoken the truth. Only Green and Madder and Simpson were hanged. The others were released before the mob could return. Anne and her lover hurried away.

That the crime never occurred was proven when letters arrived in Edinburgh from Captain Drummond. He and his crew were well. Their ship had been captured—not off Malabar but off Madagascar. And it had not been sold; it had been burned.

Drummond's letters arrived in time to prevent a war; and to atone for the hanging of innocent Englishmen, the Scots readily consented to accept the Act of Union and become part of the British Empire.

The true story of a third Strange Crime at Sea will be told in an early issue of Liberty.

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HANDY TO CARRY

Has Fawcett Reached the CITY of GOLD

An Electrifying Intimation that the English Explorer, Long Lost in Brazil, May Be Alive and the Greatest Discoverer of Our Time

(Reading time: 6 min. 50 sec.)

SEVEN years ago, in the summer of 1926, the famous English explorer Colonel P. H. Fawcett disappeared in the Brazilian jungles, with his handsome young son Jack, and their friend, Raleigh Rimmel, on the quest of evidence of a civilization ages older than Egypt or Babylon. Colonel Fawcett had become convinced that in the vast and unexplored, deadly region of Matto Grosso, near the Bolivian border of Brazil, such evidence was to be found.

Since he plunged into the unknown with his two companions, many sensational stories of his fate have been circulated. Their contradictory character made us doubt them all.

Recently there has come a letter to Colonel James Churchward, historian of the continent of Mu that supposedly sank to the bottom of the Pacific thousands of years ago.

The letter is from Brian Fawcett, the elder son of the explorer, who lives in Lima, Peru.

For reasons best known to himself and his correspondent, Colonel Churchward does not divulge its full contents. But he intimates that Colonel Fawcett has reached his objective—the City of Gold—in the uncharted vastness of a million square miles of forests, swamps, deserts, and mountains; that young Jack is not with his father; and that Raleigh Rimmel did not survive the trek through the Matto Grosso.

Immediately many tantalizing questions spring to the tip of the tongue. If, as we are given to understand, Fawcett has reached the fabulous City of Gold, has he found—to quote his own words before the venture—"Cyclopean architecture much older than anything in Egypt"? And has he met "the degenerate descendants" of a race whose cultural and intellectual achievements equaled or surpassed our own? Did he come upon treasures of precious metal and gems and archaeological remains of incalculable value?

But is he, as I have reason to believe, virtually buried alive behind a barrier of mountains, and surrounded by the strangest race on earth? If so, will he ever be able to break away and come back to us?

Colonel Churchward's reticence suggests possible corroboration of the "prehistoric" world he outlined in his book, *The Lost Continent of Mu*—corroboration not yet ready for disclosure. Again, the letter from Lima may



By
**MURIEL BRUCE
HASBROUCK**

Illustrations by
JOHN FALTER

have only substantiated the story told in an old Portuguese manuscript, written some hundred and eighty years ago by an adventurer-priest, which is in the library at Rio de Janeiro, and which Colonel Fawcett had copied. Silence would be necessary also in such case, so as not to jeopardize his success in bringing forth proofs of his find.

I am certain that Colonel Fawcett arrived at his conclusions independently of Colonel Churchward. So far as I know, the two men never met or corresponded. But both the disappearance of the explorer into the

Matto Grosso and the appearance of the archaeologist's book on Mu occurred in 1926, only a few months apart.

For many years Churchward served in the British army in India, where he came across some temple tablets, supposedly dating back twelve thousand years or more, which set him on his half century of research into the incredible history of the land of Mu.

These tablets and subsequent data also indicated the locality of that mysterious City of Gold in South America which became the one great goal of Colonel Fawcett. Much of his time having been spent in the Orient, there is little doubt that he was familiar with these same records. Indeed, many men knew of them. A number of expeditions were organized to search for this City of Gold.

But no one succeeded in getting anywhere near it, with the possible exception of that mid-eighteenth-century party of mine hunters whose exploit was set down by the priest in the Portuguese manuscript.

According to the history of Mu as evolved by Colonel Churchward, some fifteen thousand years ago a continent stood where the Pacific now rolls between Latin America and Asia, with South America still unborn except for a sprinkling of islands. One of these islands was the City of Gold. Mu was a great and glorious continent of some 60,000,000 people. In science, invention, and the arts they were far advanced. Then a cataclysm precipitated the continent and its colonies to the bottom of the sea.

To counterbalance the sinking of Mu, the continent of South America rose from the depths, carrying with it the Mu island colonies, which became the mountain tops of the new land!

"Into the jungle of the Matto Grosso they pushed their way. On and on." At the right is Colonel Fawcett, who disappeared in Brazil seven years ago.

Assuming that all this happened, were there survivors in these colonies? And if so, were any of them in the City of Gold, now thrust into an alpine altitude?

As for the Portuguese manuscript, in 1753 the priestly chronicler and his companions stumbled upon an unaccountable city. At first it was the shining mountain peaks that attracted them. These mountains were apparently impassable, until a startled white deer's leap led some of the party to a cleft between towering cliffs, a cleft which seemed not to be the work of nature.

UPWARD they followed its course for three hours, more and more convinced that it was a man-made road. At the top a large ruined city spread itself before their amazed eyes, with huge buildings, magnificent archways, and colossal monuments.

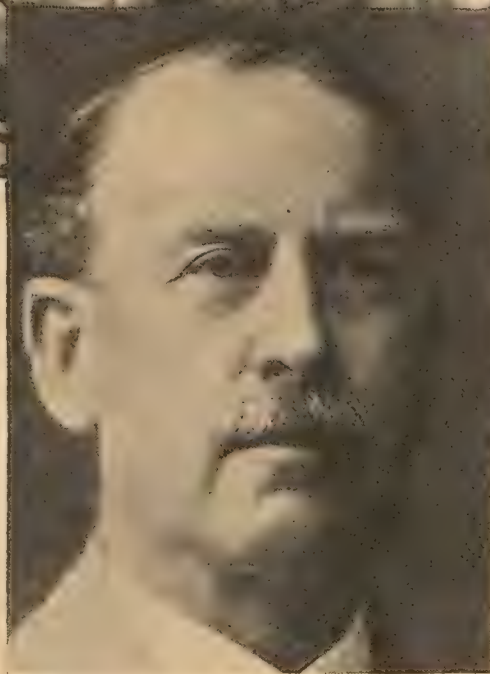
Bats and rats, snakes and scorpions, wild ducks were the only signs of life. A beautiful gold coin was picked up. The padre and his companions found seemingly bottomless shafts into old silver mines, and grains of gold in the sands of a river bank.

Was this the City of Gold? Did Colonel Fawcett pass through that man-made cleft in the mountains?

Taking my cue from the mass of notes made by Colonel Fawcett after his twelve years of travel and investigation in those parts, I should say his route to the City of Gold lay through a subterranean stream—in all probability the Rio das Mortes (River of Death).

Suppose we follow, hypothetically, the course taken by the Fawcett party from the day they left Rio de Janeiro seven years ago—using what knowledge I have.

First, to insure secrecy Colonel Fawcett headed due west, instead of north as he had given out to the public. Across Brazil the party journeyed as far as rail and boat would take them. Into the interminable jungle of the Matto Grosso they pushed their way, first north, then east, then south. On and on. Friendly Indians met them, as per plan, knowing Colonel Fawcett and esteeming him. Of all the great white world outside, he alone was going



Will Fawcett Be Rescued?

PARA, Brazil, Sept. 19 (U. P.)—Albert Winton, an explorer, plans to leave today for the Matto Grosso plateau in search of Col. P. H. Fawcett.

Two years ago Commander G. M. Dyott, explorer, sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society and American newspapers, penetrated the Matto Grosso to the point where, in his belief, Colonel Fawcett was last seen alive. He satisfied himself that the colonel had met death not far beyond this point, and he talked with an Indian who may, he says, have been the very one who killed the colonel.

colonel got through to the City of Gold, why does he tarry?

It all depends, I think, on what he found there. Lapse of time is unimportant in contrast to what Colonel Fawcett hoped to accomplish.

One thing is certain, I believe. Finding himself in the midst of the long-sequestered descendants of a very ancient people, Colonel Fawcett must sacrifice everything else to the gaining of their confidence and trust. As far as might be, he must become one of them.

It might well take him years. And Colonel Fawcett would be the man for the job. With such an astounding stake in hand he would play the game to the limit, irrespective of the waiting world and the passing of time. Hadn't he been twenty years getting there? Depend upon it, he would not be "found" until the time was ripe, which ought to be soon if my calculations are correct.

THE END

to be taken to the Indians' holy of holies.

At some point beyond Rosario, Raleigh Rimmel either met with an accident or was taken ill. Eventually they had to leave him there, probably in the care of the Indians.

Weeks, perhaps months, passed before Jack Fawcett and his father arrived on the shore of the Rio das Mortes, where two Indians awaited them in a dugout.

Solely on Jack's account, the ominous River of Death, which pierced a mountain, gave the colonel pause. In the end, his decision was to leave the boy behind. Naturally, the eager, devoted Jack was bitterly disappointed.

Now, was Jack to wait, on the chance that the two Indians would come back in a few days—a week—a month? Or did he return at once with those who had led him and his father to the Rio das Mortes? At any rate, his brother's letter says that Jack is safe.

Seven years are gone since Colonel Fawcett said good-by to him. If the

“...and One

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)

A Story to Read and Ponder—

IT was five years after he had fled the place and his temptation—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife"—that John Curle came back. He was a tall, strong man of thirty-odd, loosely built and dressed in tweeds, with a long brown face and quiet eyes, and he sat on the top step of three, leaned on a veranda pillar with a mass of jasmine blossom just above his head, and gazed at the sea and the mountains. The sour-sweet perfume of the jasmine mingled with the pungency of lavender and thyme beside the steps, and there was in that pervading odor also the tang of the sea and the spicy aroma of firs. Crows beating homeward, black against the evening sky, cawed drowsily; sea gulls maintained an eerie wailing; and a small surf beat and sucked among the rocks below the cliff.

Why had he returned? He did not know! There could be nothing here for him but memories that were best not awakened. In this place he had lived alone, save for a dog which had been closer to his heart than any man had ever been, through years of labor that had culminated in his great success. Here he had fought his bitter fight against temptation. He had won that fight, as he had won most of his fights in life.

But to what end? Here he was, back again under the jasmine, gazing across the garden at the painted sweep of Juan de Fuca Strait, with the green tops of firs growing below the cliff beautiful against it.

Except for Barney's absence and the weeds, little was changed. The perennials were blooming. The rose bed, unkempt and straggling, was spangled with color. The strait lay windless, shimmering like a sheet of opalescent silk, with behind it the purple hills of Washington rising to snow-clad Olympic peaks, chaste and remote against a turquoise sky.

He sat drinking it in, and the old familiar charm. There was even again here for him peace, he realized, as there had been before Moira Sherrieff and her crippled husband came to live near by.

But there was also something that before had never been—and that was loneliness. It wrung his heart. Barney and Moira both were lost to him forever. He tried to deny that thought; by sheer force of will to recreate his home here exactly as it used to be; to call back to him everything that had ever been.

He was brought back to the present by a movement in the grass near by, and turning saw a dog, a nondescript yellow mutt, eying him in a startled way. He remembered having seen it on the highroad as he walked down. It must have followed him. John Curle said, "Hullo, there! You came along?" He chirruped with his lips. "Come on, then. I'm lonely too."

The cur approached timidly, step by step, till, reassured, it came close and put down its head. Curle rubbed its ears with understanding fingers.

The evening was far advanced. The violet haze of autumn thickened its light, so that the earth seemed to be viewed through golden mist. Now and then the quick whistling beat of ducks taking flight from the calm sea below was heard, receding fast to a whisper. That, with the aromatic reek of wood smoke on the wind, was the sign of fall at Soo-oose. Presently Curle got up, walked round the house and across the strip of meadow to the light timber edging the wood.



By ALLAN
SWINTON

Good Woman”

and, if You Can, Believe



Curle pulled at his pipe and allowed himself to dwell on that thing he had for five years barred from his thoughts.

The green glade facing the sea and the mountains, where he had buried his dog, was just as he had pictured it. The violets had flourished, covering the rectangle of the grave and spreading between the rough stones framing it. The ferns behind the cedar head-slab were verdant and thick. The inscription he had carved with so much pains was unblurred by the years:

BARNEY

Keep well his grave,
That his spirit may bless
Thy house.

That had been for the strangers who would come here in the end. He himself had determined never to return, though while he lived he would not sell the place. But last year he had learned by chance that the Sherriffs had left soon after he had gone, having found the island too remote, his informant said. And starting from the other side of the world, without conscious intention, in a year's traveling he had come back.

He sat down on a stump by the grave with the mongrel, which had followed close at his heels, between his knees and nuzzling at him abjectly.

With all his power of will he tried to bridge the years back into the time when life had been glorious with hope and dreams.

Good days, rich days, they had lived here together, he and Barney and a fine horse, the best he had ever owned, even in the days of his affluence. But that had been long ago. Since then most of his dreams had come true. Success, wealth, fame were his. Temptation he had conquered, keeping clean his pride, his self-respect. And what profit had there been in any of it? All it had brought him was hopeless loneliness. He thought of Barney, conjuring to his mind the old Airedale's image, war-scarred and arrogant. There had never been loneliness when Barney was alive.

HE was brought back to the present by the mongrel, which leaped from between his knees and bolted frantically twenty yards into the light brush, where it stopped and turned to regard him, ears cocked and one foot raised, its head high and wary. It looked queer and scared.

He called to it, "Come on, feller!" It wagged its tail slightly, but did not move, lolling its tongue and panting.

Presently John Curle got up and went up the trail through the scrub oaks toward the stable. The cur followed, dodging through the growth with its eyes unwaveringly upon him.

Memory hung thick about the stable, though it was mildewed and musty. There was the place where Diamond *would* kick out the boards. In the old days Diamond had been his only luxury, a grand horse, thoroughbred, with more sense than many men. He had kept a worn-out plug also, just for a stable companion for Diamond. Often there had been insufficient money for his needs, and he had divided it religiously, half for himself and Barney, half for the horses.

There came to his mind his father's saying: "Each man in his life is entitled to just one good horse, one good dog, and one good woman." Well, he had had the horse and the dog, and had known and loved, though he had not possessed, the woman.

He sighed and went out, and when he turned after shutting the door he saw Barney, sprawled on his side in the hollow where he had always lain when Curle was working in the stable. The old Airedale raised his head to

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
L. R. GUSTAVSON

see if he had finished, then sprang to his feet, his brown eyes deep with happiness and his tongue lolling in a jovial grin.

There was no mistaking him. Curle saw him quite clearly: the ragged ear which the bull terrier had torn before Barney killed it; the slight limp he had acquired as a pup before he could be convinced that he could not fight a ramping stallion loose in a field. The old warmth, the old deep sense of comradeship, flooded Curle's heart.

Imagination? Of course! Curle knew that. His imagination was unique. He had earned wealth and a world-wide reputation by it. He could bring clearly to his mental vision anything he wished to see. So here in this place that they had loved together, with memory and hunger tugging at his heart, he saw the thing which he most wished to see, which he had loved and which loved him.

As he headed for the house Barney gamboled, in the clownish way he sometimes had, ahead of him. The mongrel was back among the trees, as it had been before, following furtively. Curle called to it, but it only stopped with one foot up and its head cocked. When he walked on it moved with him, keeping its distance.

By the time he reached the house the sun was down behind the tree tops and the reflected light of afterglow drenched the earth with orange radiance. The hills across the strait were purple now against a sky of apple-green, the peaks pure gold and the sea dark as ink. One of the great white Empress liners from Japan went up toward Vancouver. The light caught it, throwing it up in hard relief against the somber sea, like a child's ship of sugar. The evening breeze was beginning. Its first breath passed through the timber with a deep sigh, like the echo of Curle's own nostalgia.

He unlocked the door and went in. He had left most of his stuff here, storing only glass and silver and the few valuable pieces from his father's home that had been his heritage. The place smelled damp as he moved haltingly about, wishing he had not entered, but unable to desist, stirring up emotion as his movements stirred up dust. He threw up a window in the bedroom, letting in the breeze.

Dark was settling quickly and there was a nip in the air. He went through the kitchen to the woodshed, half filled with fuel, and brought logs to make a fire, kneeling down and going at the

*Moira Sherriff
and her crippled
husband came to
live near by.*



job with the ease of long habit. Soon the gum spurted and flared, the wood crackled, and warmth and the pungency of burning gum filled the air, dispelling at once the sense of desolateness.

Sitting by the meager chimney pieces of many homes, he had remembered his own fire at Soo-oose—a massive three-foot pine log on the heavy andirons, with smaller logs burning against it. He pulled up a wicker armchair that had been molded to his figure by a thousand nights of work or meditation and took out his pipe.

Outside, afterglow was done and night closed down. The windows framed oblongs of intense purple mountains against steel-blue, with the cold light of stars appearing. The wind had freshened steadily, sighing and rustling in the firs.

CURLE pulled at his pipe and allowed himself to dwell on that thing which for the past five years he had barred from his thoughts. Had Moira ever suspected his passion for her? If she had, had she understood? Again the present slipped away and the past grew real. The firelight and the familiar cabin, the sounds and the odors, belonged all to those other happier years, and he sat still as a statue, living them over again.

The urgent scratch of claws on the door did nothing to destroy the illusion. Barney always used to lie outside in the evening till it was dark. That had been one of his many strong personal peculiarities. He seemed to love the half light and the rising wind. As soon as night closed he would come in.

So the spell of John Curle's reverie remained unbroken as he got up and opened the door. There shot in, colliding with his legs as if in fear, the mongrel. It cowered against him, staring out into the dark and trembling.

"Well, you poor old boy! That's a cold wind, I know. I've walked up and down that cliff, when I couldn't sleep, till my teeth chattered."

He went to the fire and crouched before the blaze, caressing the dog, stroking its ears and talking to it, while it looked up at him big-eyed and pitiful, and presently stopped shivering.

"I wonder if you're hungry," Curle suggested. "There ought to be some canned stuff." In the larder, with the aid of a match, he saw rows of canned and bottled things, just as he had left them, the very contours of the piles familiar. "Ha! Beans!" He opened a can and poured them on a tin plate, setting them for the dog before the fire. "Here, feller. Get these under your belt."

He watched the dog eat with sensations of the keenest pleasure, then filled his pipe and sat back. Presently it came close to him as it could get, and curled up happily with its body lying on his feet.

The live blaze of the fire died to a steady glow. The wind outside came intermittently in long sonorous surges. During the lulls he heard the risen surf boom on the rocks below the cliff. He slipped back, back, back into his world of long ago, where had been hope and peace and love.

Suddenly the dog curled at his feet leaped up convulsively, trembling and cowering in obvious fear against his legs, and glared at the open bedroom door. He put down his hand to steady it. "What's the matter, pup? There's nothing here to hurt you."

The beast did not respond but continued glaring at the bedroom door, and Curle followed its gaze as with a queer pricking at the back of his own neck he felt underneath his hand its hackles rise, while its head turned as it seemed to watch something which moved from the bedroom across the floor toward the fire.

There was nothing there. Curle could see that. But it came to his mind that the bedroom window was still open, and that in the old days after his evening watch Barney always jumped in that way if he could, only using the door if the window was shut. After that Curle saw Barney quite distinctly, lounging toward the fire and collapsing there with a contented grunt. Even though it was but his imagination, it sent warmth and joy to Curle's heart. The cur pressing at his knees squirmed from beneath his hand and dashed into the farthest corner of the room, where it cringed panting, its wide eyes, yellow in the firelight, on the patch worn in the bearskin rug by Barney's body.

Curle spoke to it: "Here, feller, come in and be warm."

But the beast only thumped its tail on the floor once, lolled out its tongue, and panted. Curle sat still and silent, awed, wondering. He had a sharp catch at his throat, realized that he was rigid in every muscle, and relaxed with a long exhalation of his breath.

THERE could be nothing there in Barney's place before the fire—though he could picture the old fellow very clearly, black-brown and shaggy, sprawled there at his ease. By and by, slowly, shamefacedly, Curle leaned forward with extended hand and touched the place. There was nothing there, only the mangy bearskin rug and the mark of Barney's body impressed in the fur by constant wear.

Curle sat and smoked while the fire died till its glow barely showed the outlines of the furniture. Slowly the room grew cold. The night air, keen with the scent of firs and the sea, poured in at the bedroom window.

The cur sat tensely in the corner. Sometimes he heard it pant, and sometimes its eyes showed lambent with reflected firelight.

At last with a sigh Curle heaved his big frame to its feet. Well, that was that! He had been back, and he would go away. Let the years bury their dead again, while he forgot. It was possible to forget—almost, that was—by working desperately, riding, taking no time for dreams which too soon drifted into introspection.

He shut the bedroom window, found the fireguard where it had always stood and put it in place. Then he opened the door. As soon as he did so the mongrel dashed out and was gone. Queer, frightened little beast! He'd have to see it taken care of somehow. John Curle stood in the doorway with his hand on the knob for some moments, watching the dim



PUT AN END TO THIS SORT OF NIGHT-TIME TOSSING

Get a *Real* Night's **SLEEP**

Tonight..This Natural, Drugless Way

See For Yourself How Much
More Quickly You Fall Asleep
And How Much Better You
Rest—New Energy Next Day

DO you fall asleep quickly and naturally at night? Or—like so many others in these trying times—do you hate to go to bed for fear you'll lie awake and toss?

If so, here's news that may save you many a sleepless night—many a heavy-headed morning. For now a simple way has been discovered to bring sound sleep quickly, almost the moment you go to bed—*entirely without medicine.*

It is a delicious food concentrate which you take with warm milk just before you go to bed. Then fall asleep as effortlessly as a 2-year-old.

In the morning you awaken refreshed, clear-eyed—filled with new vitality and energy to last you throughout the day. For this new way acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues while you are fast asleep.

How It Acts

This remarkable food-drink is called Ovaltine—and it acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Try It Tonight

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it* and see for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more *completely* you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note how much more easily you recover from fatigue—how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed tonight. In the morning, see how much fresher you feel—and how different the whole world looks when you've had a *real* night's sleep.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

997-RA

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula



room with the embers sullen between the dogs. Then with deliberate firmness he shut the door and went out, locking it behind him.

The night was dark now and the wind was high, laden with the essences of sea, woods, and garden. It snored and blustered among the shaggy firs, black against the stars as they swayed in the gusts. The air was clean, virile, sweet on his flesh. He went down the veranda steps and to the cliff edge, to stand there drinking it in, close to the thrashing tops of firs which grew close to the breakers that loomed sixty feet below.

By and by there came a nudge at his knee, and there was the cur again, whimpering and caressing him with its thin shoulder. He knelt down and made much of it. "Poor old chap, then! This place is bad medicine for both of us. We'll get out pronto, and we'll find some one to take care of you. Come on."

He went resolutely down the trail, past the house and the stable and into the deep belt of timber that screened them from the highroad.

In the stretch among the firs to the gate it was impenetrably dark, though the trail beneath his feet was familiar. How often had he and Diamond gone out through that darkness for long night rides in the days after Moira came and he could not sleep for his desire for her and the temptation to do what he could to win her for himself, to take her from a man who was his friend, who trusted him, and who was helpless to protect that which he loved. It was on just such a night, soon after he had buried Barney, that he had ridden till dawn, had sat his horse on Bald Hill watching the sun come up, and known that he could not permit himself to do that which his passion prompted. He had come home, sent Diamond to the Sherriffs as a parting gift, with the explanation of sudden death at home and his return to live there, and had fled.

SUDDENLY he stopped dead in his stride, head up, listening. Through the next lull in the souging wind it came again—the thing that he had heard. Oh, damn! He had worked himself into a sentimental hysteria that made him hear and see things. He strode on resolutely, but checked in the second step.

Yes! There it was again, rising and falling through the gusts, the pitiful long-drawn protest, half bark, half howl, which always followed him as long as he could hear on those rare occasions when he had been forced to leave Barney chained behind him. He shook his head as though he were beset by wasps, swallowed hard, and tramped on again. But the sound followed him, pleading, protesting, wringing his very heart. And—this must be madness now—it seemed to him that with it, answering it, clear, fierce, and shrill, he heard the neigh of a stallion. That was a sound he had known here too. Diamond always called like that when he was excited.

The manhood, the pride, the desire to fight died in John Curle. He leaned on the rough bole of a fir with his face in his arm and a sob shook him. What was the use? He was alone and lonely. Every day since the old dog died he had been lonely! He raised his head to listen. Barney was howling piteously. Barney wanted him, as he had always done. He turned and plodded back along the trail whence he had come.

Outside his house he stood and listened. There was no sound but the symphony of wind and firs and surf. The mongrel dog fawned at his knees. He unlocked the door and went in, but it did not follow, though he coaxed it. It stood in the door, alert, poised for flight, its eyes yellow in the fire glow.

He shut the door, went out, and replenished the fire; pulled up the chair and filled his pipe as the blaze roared up.

There was peace in this place. Something of himself was here which remained when he was gone and would remain forever. And perhaps if he stayed quietly here a year or two and worked, as he used to do, the loneliness would pass.

Outside the cur barked, a sharp warning note. Curle jerked upright and listened. The wind sighed and moaned; the surf boomed; the fire sputtered. There was no other sound.

Then with a hard catch of his breath he stiffened in his seat, sat still, staring. Facing him was a window, which reflected in it the one opposite it, behind him, in the other wall. And in that window which was behind him was a human face! A face watching him.

More memories, more figments of his own emotionalism? To test, he rose. At once the white blur disappeared. He replenished the fire and sat down again, breathlessly watching. By and by, cautiously the face reappeared.

Curle got up again, noisily tramped out to the kitchen, then opened the door and slipped into the windy dark. He crept down the three steps and toward the back of the house, turned the corner, and bumped into some one hurrying the other way. There was a woman's scream and the thud and scatter of hoofs as the horse she led reared in alarm and broke away. Its hoofs thundered down the pasture.

THEY faced each other in the firelight—the big friendly-looking man with the quiet smile always in his eyes, and the slim woman in the brown riding kit, with the felt hat at a bewitching angle. She was lithe and straight, with pansy eyes and a mouth eloquent of the deep fires within her.

She said: "Why did you never write?"

"I had no reason to, Moira."

"You sent me as a gift the only thing you had to care about since Barney died, and I know just what each of them meant to you. And you say you'd no reason to write to me?"

He bit his lip. "That's how it was."

He carried the attack into her camp: "What are *you* doing here again? I heard you'd left in 'twenty-seven."

"We did. But"—she found his eyes and held them levelly—"I couldn't keep away after—Harry died. I thought you might come back."

It was long before he let her go and she took her face from his shoulder. He led her to the chair, kissed her again, and sat by the fire, very close, at her feet. By and by he said: "Did you come in here often after you came back?"

"No. Only once—the day I got here. But it was too sad, too lonely. I never came in again until tonight."

"You didn't? Then what made you—"

"John! I've always thought people were too sure about some things. 'There are more things in heaven and earth—' *You* know. I ride a lot at night. I like it. And—you used to like it to. Whenever I pass your corner Diamond tries to turn in. I speak to him and he goes on. But tonight he wouldn't, and when I pushed him on he fought me. And then suddenly he stood still with his head high up and neighed—you know the way he can—and I found that he was wet with sweat. It gave me the queerest feeling! I tried to get him to go on, but he refused absolutely, and when I spurred him he reared straight up—a thing he never did before.

"Then there was a lull in the wind and he neighed again, so fierce and glad. And—John, I know it sounds ridiculous, but I heard it so clearly, and it was that which made me come in, you know—it seemed to me I heard Barney howling."

THE END

\$50 IN PRIZES

WE want your honest opinion about the contents of Liberty, and we are willing to pay for it. Our aim is to make Liberty the most outstandingly interesting magazine published in America. You can help us.

First read the contents of this issue and consider each feature in it: editorial—stories—articles—contests—everything, except advertising, between its covers. Then sit down and write us a letter. It won't take you more than ten minutes.

In your letter please tell us:

1. Which, in your opinion, are the best three features, and why.
2. Which is the least interesting, and why.
3. Our best points—our faults.
4. Your constructive ideas on how to make the magazine better.

We are offering a first prize of \$15, a second prize of \$10, a third prize of \$5, and twenty prizes of \$1 each.

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Address: Liberty Constructive Criticism Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

HAPPY DAYS

(Reading time: 4 min. 56 sec.)

DURING these years of unemployment I've heard several women make remarks similar to this:

"I can't quite believe in this unemployment. Why, I've been trying to get a maid for two days, and, do you know, every applicant I have wants to ask questions about what time she has to get up, how many children there are, and whether she gets every Thursday afternoon off. If they really wanted to work, they'd take the job and be glad of it!"

I disagree entirely with this point of view. The home is a small industrial unit, and it seems to me that our "codes" for domestic help haven't progressed very far beyond the medieval days of serfdom. When our immigration laws permitted a large influx of foreigners, housework was a means of learning the language and customs of a new country and maids were willing to work long and strenuously.

I don't blame houseworkers one little bit today for objecting to the semislavery which many mistresses expect from them. Yes, I'll go further. If the eight-hour day is practical and humane in factories, it is equally so in homes.

I believe that every woman who employs a maid should try to study out a work program which will not exceed an average of eight hours' work daily. When maids are expected to stay in evening after evening with children, attractive places should be provided for them to entertain their own friends. And of course every domestic helper should have a two-weeks vacation every year, with full pay.

These tenets are not only just but, I believe, would prove efficient. The maid who can take some pride in her job instead of regarding it as pure drudgery will have more interest, more responsibility, and prove infinitely more satisfactory. If we can raise the standards of working conditions in the home we can surely attract a better class of women as domestics.

I think that the maid in the home must often have more versatility than, for example, the office worker. The former is expected to cook well, to launder beautifully, to clean efficiently, and to be clever as well as responsible with children. It's a job which should command respect!

I'll have to admit that men in industry are far ahead of women in the home when it comes to recognizing fair working conditions for employees.

YOU may think that this week's recipe sounds like a lot of bother for just a sauce, but I assure you it's worth the time! This is one of Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt's specialties from the White House kitchens:

MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 soup bone, cracked | ½ pound hamburger |
| 1 can tomatoes | ¼ cup bread crumbs |
| 2 cloves garlic | 1 egg |
| 2 onions | Salt and pepper |
| 1 green pepper | Nutmeg if desired |



Creative Studios photo

DOMESTIC HELP AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY—A WHITE HOUSE MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI—WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR CRITICS DISAGREE?

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL



only the States but the Territories of the good old U. S. A. as well!

Every day the postman leaves me a batch of most interesting letters written by people I've never seen. Almost all of these letters have sincere suggestions as to how I can best lead my life; but, unfortunately for a willing victim like myself, they don't seem to agree at all!

For example, Mrs. X tells me earnestly to stay at home and ply the knitting needles all day long; then the next letter may be from Mrs. Y, who writes, "I'm so glad to know you have the gumption to go out and work and do things which interest you and help others."

To go on, Mr. A tells me he's tired of seeing my silly grin; then along comes a billet-doux from Mr. B, who is gallant enough to ask for a photograph of me to hang on his wall. I wonder what my well-wishers—and I do believe they are really friendly—would say if I compromised and stayed home Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and then on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays changed from a Mother Hubbard into working clothes.

A very intimate friend of my family said to me after seeing some of my mail, "You know, Anna, if you *did* stay within the four walls all day every day, it wouldn't be long before the rumor would go the rounds that you aren't quite bright!"

The most practical suggestion I've had came from another friend who tells me that the only solution is to dig a nice big hole in friendly Mother Earth and then crawl in.

Well, to be truthful, I hope no one takes up this suggestion and writes me back that it would be a good idea!

Place soup bone in cold water and boil for half a day, adding water as needed. When done there should be about a quart of liquid. Let this stand until grease hardens, and then skim off all grease. To this stock add tomatoes, one clove of garlic minced fine, and diced onions and diced green pepper. Simmer until fairly thick. Season with salt and pepper.

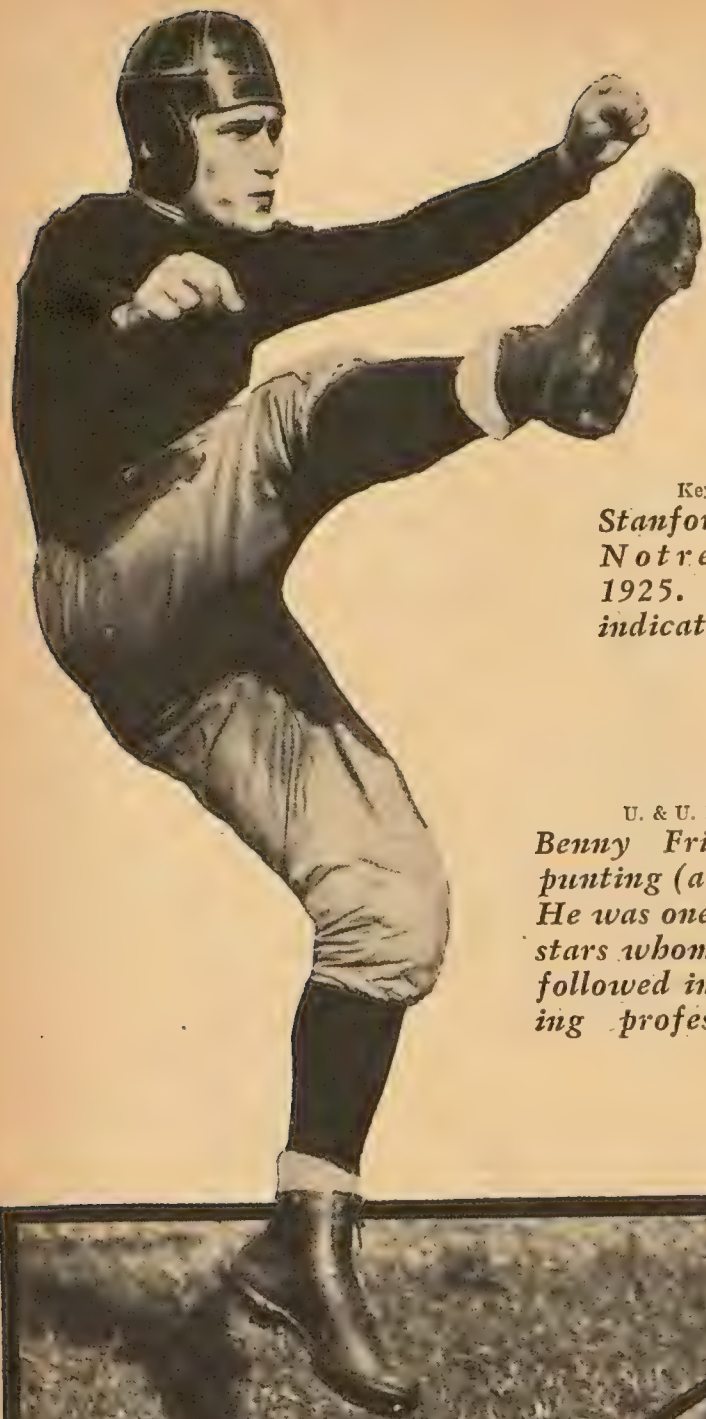
Now place hamburger in a bowl. Add bread crumbs and one clove of garlic minced fine. Next add egg, salt, pepper, and nutmeg if desired. Mix well and roll into tiny balls about the size of a marble. Fry these meat balls in olive oil rather quickly. Add them to the sauce and serve with spaghetti immediately.

NOTE: Mrs. Nesbitt gives this hint about the cooking of spaghetti:

After boiling, drain well and place in a hot bowl and stir in gently a piece of butter. The butter will keep the spaghetti from becoming sticky.

IT would be simply grand to be able to please everybody all of the time, wouldn't it? But what can a poor girl do when she's in my shoes?

Coming from a big family, I've been accustomed to vast and free advice and razzing as well as the proverbial pat on the back. Since March the 4th, however, the circle has widened to include not



Keystone View photo
Stanford versus
Notre Dame,
1925. The circle
indicates Nevers.

U. & U. News photo
Benny Friedman
punting (at left).
He was one of the
stars whom Ernie
followed in turn-
ing professional.



The PRIVATE ERNIE

ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICA

(Reading time:
24 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART THREE--CONCLUSION

I TALKED a friend of mine, Hal Thatcher, into driving us down to San Jose in search of a justice of the peace. "This is going to make a swell story," Hal said as we drove along.

"Story!" gasped Mai. "The newspapers, you mean?"

"Why, sure. 'Cupid Throws Stanford Captain for Total Loss. Ernie Nevers Nailed in His Tracks by Frisco Beauty.' Great stuff."

Neither Mai nor I had thought of that. Her family would find out. She was not of age. I'd have to leave college, drop the captaincy of what promised to be one of the greatest teams in Stanford history, and go to work. We decided we would be sensible, much as it hurt; we would wait. And Mai went back to her convent, and I went back to Stanford.

That season Pop Warner woke up with something of a snort to the fact that he had another rival right in his own back yard. That was Howard Jones, who had started in as coach at Southern California the year before. Stanford had not played the Trojans the year before. But Jones had got under way with a burst. He had come to



Wide World photo
Ernie and "the Old Man"—Pop Warner.

Howard Jones and His Pop Warner at Bay—

Southern California, after a year's stop-over at Duke, from Iowa. His last team at Iowa had won the Big Ten Conference Championship, and then trimmed Rockne's Irishmen.

This year at Southern California Jones seemed to have begun where he left off at Iowa. And as we approached our game with them Warner actually showed some slight signs of being concerned.

One of the traditions that cluster around the Old Man is that he never personally scouted an adversary that he didn't lick them in the game that followed. This year Pop and four or five of us on the team went down and watched Southern California in their game against Washington. We saw that day, saw only too clearly, why this Jones team had been called the Thundering Herd.

Back in Stanford Pop gave out the news that the Tro-

As told to LOWELL



International photo
George Wilson,
named by Ernie
as "the almost
perfect player."

-OFF

LIFE OF NEVERS

FOOTBALL STAR

"Thundering Herd" — Going Boom in Florida

jans would not be beaten that year. Stanford didn't believe him. But the team and every insider knew that Southern California did have the big edge. The betting against us was about 10 to 3. And the game turned into one of those blazing classics.

The first loosening of the deadlock came in the second quarter. I dropped back to kick. The ball traveled seventy-four yards, according to the figures. Elliott of Southern California tried to catch it backing up, and Swan, our left guard, smacked into him. As they went down the ball got away from Elliott, and no wonder. Ted Shipkey smothered it and it was ours on the Trojans' twelve-yard line. We bucked it over and kicked the goal, leading them 7 to 0.

There was nothing safe about a one-touchdown lead against the Thundering Herd. They were outplaying us.



Wide World photo
Ernie and "Mai"—now Mrs. Nevers.

Their air attack was too smooth and sure. Then, just as the first half was ending, they punted from deep in their territory. Mike Murphy, playing safety, came up under the ball with the speed of a ten-second sprinter. He wove his way past their two ends, got out in the open, crossed the field, reversed himself, and whirled down the middle of the field again. He shook off at least six tacklers as he twisted his way for fifty-five yards through their whole team. At the end of the half we went off the field leading 13 to 0. Every one was surprised but the Old Man, whom nothing ever surprised.

But in the second half the Trojans launched an air attack that we couldn't break up. Starting the last quarter it was Stanford 13, Southern California 7.

They carried us back to our ten-yard line toward the end of the game. I was standing on our three-yard line, and as I got ready to kick I could not keep it out of my mind that blocked kicks—kicks I'd let them block—had lost us the last Trojan game. If this kick was blocked we would lose by one point or be tied. The ball came back to me. I kicked—and it was blocked.

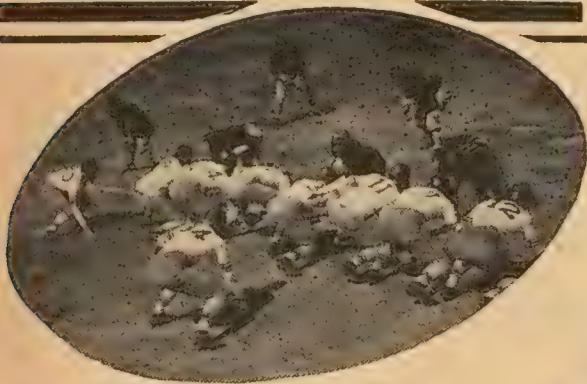
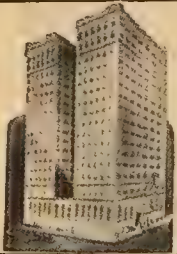
THOMAS

THE DAILY USE OF

FAVORIS

is a habit with particular people because it purges the mouth and throat of tainted mucus

When You Visit
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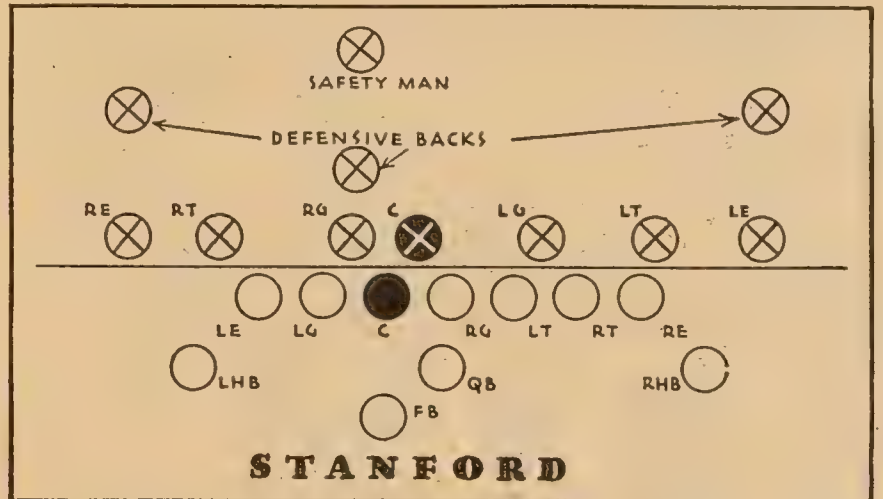
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What happened then was almost too fast to describe. Dick Hyland didn't try to dive for the ball; instinctively he saw he couldn't get it, so he rolled two Trojans out of the way. Instinct, or something, made me catch myself and do the same—block out two more of their men. At the same instant Don Hill threw himself on the ball, downing it behind the line. That was what won the game. It was a safety.

The double wing back formation from which the "flower of the Warner genius" is executed as shown on the opposite page.



It gave them two points, and made the score 13 to 9 in our favor. If they had recovered it would have been 14 to 13 for them.

Next week we went up against the University of Washington. The Huskies that year had flattened every team they had met. Stanford and California were all that stood between them and the Rose Bowl.

Well, they did play in the Rose Bowl that year. It was that hectic game with Alabama which ended 20 for Alabama and 19 for Washington.

The two Tesreau midgets, Louie and Elmer, were in the Washington line-up when we took the field against them that year. Louie weighed about 210 and his brother about 215. In the backfield too was George Wilson, my choice as the almost perfect player. He had only one weakness: he was always knocking himself out.

The field up there at Seattle was dreaded by every team that had to play on it. It wasn't turf; it was sand and gravel, bits of sea shells, and God knows what. We were not dressed for that kind of a party. After the game there wasn't a Stanford man whose legs did not look pretty much like a Hamburger steak. Nor was there one who had a full set of cleats on his shoes. And there were eight laid up in the hospital.

Wilson and Tesreau between them worked a new kind of box defense like a nutcracker. There was one time in the third quarter, after I'd plunged through a hole and into that vise, when I was neatly upended and came down with a thud on my head and shoulders, kept on spinning, and executed three complete somersaults before I stopped. It knocked me as crazy as a toad, though I didn't realize it at the time, and I actually went through the rest of that quarter and most of the last one not more than half conscious.

In a desperate try to beat down their six-point lead—they had us 6 to 0—we were shooting passes everywhere. We had them down inside their ten-yard line when we tried a flat pass. I aimed the ball at Ted Shipkey and passed it straight into the arms of speedy little George Guttormsen, Washington's quarterback. Once more it was up to me. If I had not been half out of my head I could

never have kept anywhere near him. On our twelve-yard line I dived at him, and knocked him out of bounds. When I got up after that crash I was completely out of my head—but still I did not know it. Automatically I went through the motions of passing, running, and kicking.

Again we were down on their four-yard line. A score would put us in the lead. Mitchell called for a buck through the line, and the ball shot back to me. Just what I thought I was doing I don't know. I may have got football mixed up with basketball. Anyway, instead of hitting the line, I weakly tossed the ball up in the air, at nothing in particular. It floated over the line and rolled to a stop with not a man anywhere near it.

WARNER jerked me out of the game quick. But that sleepwalking act of mine not only cost us the game; in all probability it cost us the championship and our chance to play in the Rose Tournament for the second consecutive year. They tell me I walked over to the bench, wrapped a blanket around me, and went on into the dressing room; but afterward—from the time I hit Guttormsen—everything was a complete blank.

Well, here I was back in the hospital for the third consecutive year with the Big Game coming. But this was worst of all. For this was the year we certainly would beat Cal. And it was my team; my last game. The Huskies had fixed me up for my last Big Game by presenting me with a concussion of the brain.

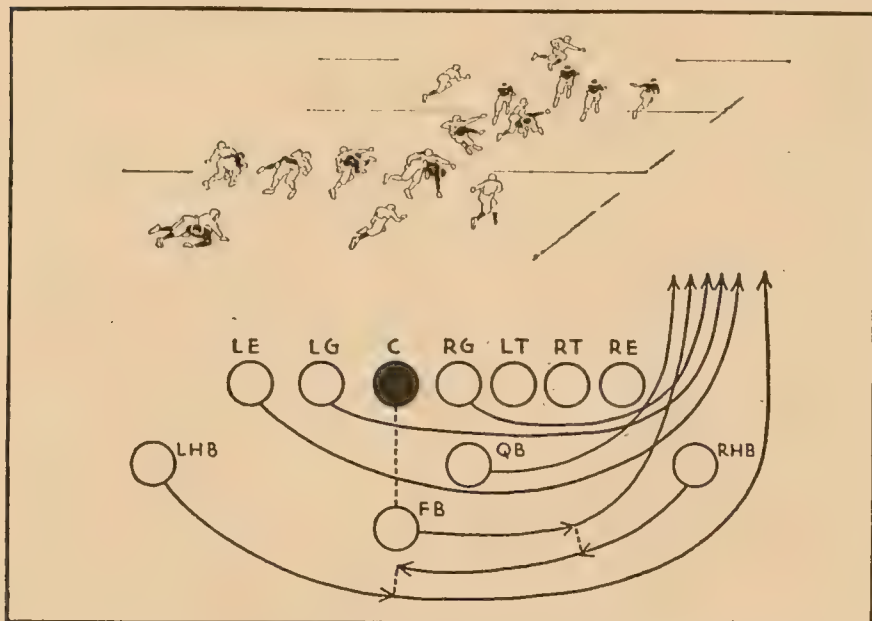
However, they turned me loose the following Saturday long enough for me to go up to Berkeley with Warner and a few others to find out what California would show against the Huskies. Scouting that California-Washington game told us exactly what we knew already. Andy Smith

had built up a team that played first-class Andy Smith football.

That meant that our game with them would be another out-and-out clash between two football maestros who absolutely disagreed on how the game should be played. For one thing, the Old Man was going to try, really for the first time in a vital game, that flower of the Warner genius which has since come to typify the Warner system. That is the double reverse from a double wing back formation. It really isn't the Warner system. It is a fancy, flowery, spectacular elaboration of it. But it was the Old Man's pride and joy; and certainly no brain but his would ever have conceived it, let alone sent a team into its most important game to try it out.

It is almost impossible to describe a football play on paper; especially one like this. The diagram on the opposite page shows how the teams lined up. You notice that the play accomplishes one thing even before it starts: The unbalanced line and the wide-playing half-backs have weakened the opposing line, which has had to spread.

Now in a double reverse from that formation the diagram on this page shows what happens. The fullback takes ball from center and starts to right. He passes the ball to the right halfback who is circling to left, thus reversing the field. The right half continues to the left and passes to the left half, who continues on around wide right end, reversing the field again. In the meantime the left end has circled to right and is ahead of the runner to block out opponents' safety man, and the left guard has also swung around and ahead of the play. Of



Warner's double reverse that dazed the Golden Bear.

course every other man on the team has his own job of blocking to do.

Reading this over, it seems almost as confusing as it is when tried on the field. It all happens at once, which indicates what split-second timing is necessary to execute such a hidden-pea trick, and why a team trying to break it up is likely to get dizzy and go haywire. Whether it's to be this double reverse, around either end, or a single reverse either way, or a flat pass, or long pass, or a plunge through the line—there is no way of telling. Every play starts from the identical formation.

As I said, I believe that one play—that Warnerism—has had more to do with making the game what it is today than any other single factor.

As the crowds filled the big stadium for the Cal game that year, supreme confidence was felt on the Stanford side.

My own personal suspense had been ended a few days before. That cracked head of mine had mended sufficiently to allow me to play.

It was not until toward the close of the first quarter, after we had already scored once, that we took the wrappings off the surprise. We had the ball on our own twenty-two-yard line when we fell into the new double wing back formation. While the Cal men were trying to shift into a formation to meet it, we touched off the double reverse. When the whirligig was over the Cal

See These Pictures

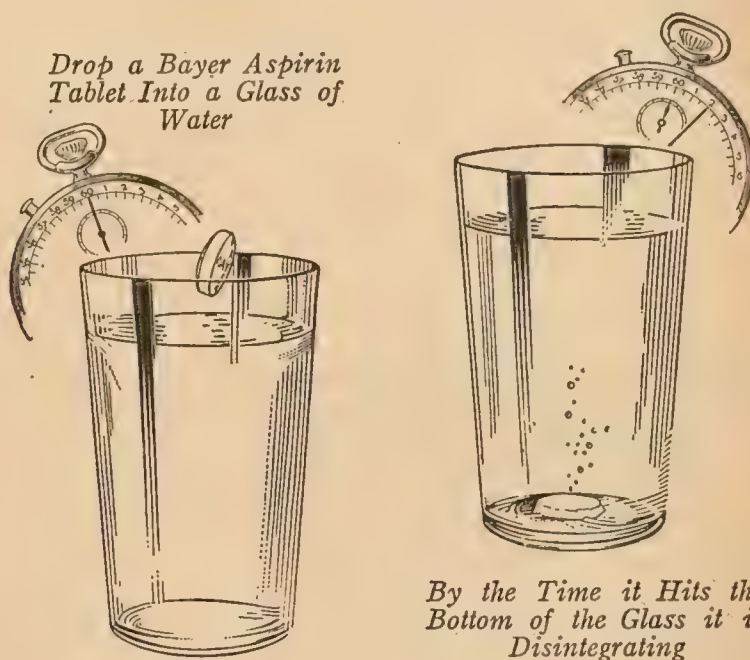
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The

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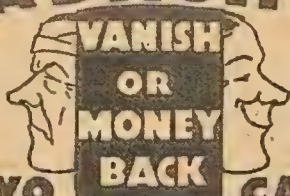
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team was scattered halfway across the field and Mike Murphy, our left half, had carried the ball fourteen yards nearer their line. Again we lined up in the same way. Again the whole team began to revolve and again the Cal team tangled up.

But this time I made a fake pass to Murphy; he made a fake pass to Bogue, playing right half; then I spun around and went through Cal's shattered line for nine yards more. Next was that complete double reverse again, only this time around the other side of the line, and Bogue was loose for twenty-five yards. On down we went, trying one variation after another. By the end of the first half the Warner system had set down the Andy Smith system 20 to 0.

But in the closing stages of the game, with the score 27 to 14 against them, the Bears came within inches and seconds of doing to us what we had done to them the year before—scoring two touchdowns with less than ten minutes to go. They battered us back to our three-yard line. Three yards to go for a score, and four big downs to do it in. After the third the two teams swayed like bulls with their horns locked together. Then the whole heap sank down—not over the line, but less than a yard from it. We had won, 27 to 14.

For the first time in twenty years Stanford had won. That score indicated about the difference between those two good teams and the difference in two styles of football. Where there are no individual stars to walk off with the show, a good speed game can always beat a good power game. Every typical Warner play, every typical Rockne play, every typical Jones play is a potential scoring play. A typical power play—a line plunge somewhere between the two tackles—is not. A gain of three or four to five or ten yards is all it can normally be expected to produce. That's the difference, I think, in the game as it was when I started to play it and as we play it today.

I didn't mind going back to the hospital after *that* big game. When I had been there a week or so they told me there was only one thing for me to do—take a “leave,” and that meant that I would miss my chance of graduating that year. I didn't care much. I felt that I had got all a man could expect out of college.

After the annual meeting of the

country's leading coaches I got a wire from the Old Man telling me that George Wilson of Washington and I had been named on the All-America team chosen by Rockne, Tad Jones, and Warner.

This happened when the Florida boom was at its height, and after a few weeks a professional football promoter got in touch with me, offering \$25,000—in advance, a stipulation that I owe to Finlaw Geary's watchful eye—and \$5,000 for every game played, with 10 per cent of the gate and \$1,000 for traveling expenses, if I would go down to Jacksonville and organize a pro team. It looked like more money than I could expect to make in years at anything else, so I signed up and went, taking Jimmy Lawson with me. We landed right in the middle of the big boom. Everybody was flush. Interest in Red Grange, Benny Friedman of Michigan, George Wilson, and other stars had boosted pro football to a new high.

AS it turned out, I played in exactly two games, the first after three days for organization and practice, with most of the time given over to publicity stunts. We had a lot of trouble with the Southern boys who made up all but four of our squad; they seemed to think we had come down to rob them of their birthright. Red Grange and his Bears beat us, and the next week the Giants from New York did. That time our team had been improvised at the last minute, those Southerners having returned to their old Dixie homes.

All arrangements for further games now went blooey, leaving us idle, and one of our owners, Mason by name, holding the bag. He took it with a smile, paid everybody's expenses, and stood a loss of \$48,000. I felt like a robber in collecting my \$25,000; but Geary insisted that the whole thing was a gamble anyway and somebody had to be the winner.

Back in San Francisco, with the \$25,000 as a starter, Mai and I were married. And that Florida plunge was the start of my five-year career in professional football. Those five years were in many ways more interesting than my college football to me, because in that time I have played with or against nearly all the good players and good guys in the game from every part of the country.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—A prominent British chemist and physicist, 1791 to 1867.

2—An American soldier and diplomat who made the Gadsden Purchase of land from Mexico in 1853.

3—An electrical instrument for the detection and measurement of the intensity of electricity.

4—A term used in thermodynamics for a measure of equilibrium.

5—Drs. F. G. Banting and J. J. R. MacLeod.

6—It is 118½ miles.

7—A beginner; a person not well acquainted with a subject.

8—It weighs 3.086 grains.

9—Samuel Woodworth.

10—In Moscow; weight 220 tons.

11—Sir Humphry Davy, England, 1815.

12—River horse; derived from the Greek.

13—Maryland.

14—Connecticut.

15—Edwin Markham.

16—One gun for each star in the flag.

17—A lover of books.

18—Florence Nightingale.

19—A horseshoer.

20—An insane urge to steal.

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

BUT how about married couples?" I asked Professor Pitkin.

Walter B. Pitkin is the man who wrote that eye-opening book, *Life Begins at Forty*. He's the most vivid, the most alert philosopher I ever have talked with. He says we pick life's ripest and juiciest plums after we are forty years old. Our joys before forty, he tells us, are not really our own; they belong to youth's impersonal ecstasy.

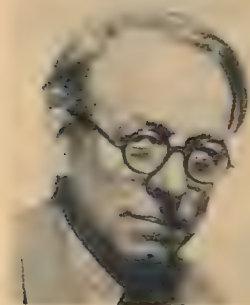
"At forty," I asked him, "do a wife and husband begin their lives separately, or are they reborn together, like a pair of Siamese twins?"

I thought his answer very interesting. He said:

"The development of a woman's personality, or of a man's personality, is often retarded by marriage. Wives and husbands waste precious years trying to doctor each other—trying to reform each other. The wife considers herself her husband's teacher; the husband considers himself his wife's teacher. They send each other to school. They reduce each other to the class of twelve-year-old kids."

Wives and husbands can't be coeducational, says Walter Pitkin. They owe each other too much. He thinks we all ought to give ourselves a "meet yourself" party

on our fortieth birthday. I wish I had space enough to tell you what he thinks about young gangsters, and Reno, et cetera. Professor Pitkin is *one* philosopher who knows his America.



Professor
Walter B. Pitkin

They had better find out. One mistake along this line can bring on plenty of trouble. Here's a case in point:

Five years ago a girl and boy of my acquaintance fell in love with each other. Neither of them had any money. Both of them worked—for very modest wages. He asked her to marry him and she refused.

She took the *modern* attitude.

"Love is just a biological urge," she announced glibly. "Life is too big," she said, "to be gambled away on a mere infatuation. Other things are more important."

So she married another man—a man of some means, not rich but fairly well established on the road to wealth.

Their marriage was a complete failure. She couldn't forget the boy she had jilted. After four miserable years she told her husband the truth. Her husband was a man of shrewd understanding, and he was a kindly man. He arranged for her to divorce him as soon as possible.

She turned around at once and married her first flame. They are just as poor as they would have been if she had married him in the first place—but they are just as happy. I don't think she knows why all this had to happen to her. Her ex-husband knows. It was from him I heard the explanation.

"She thought," he said, "that she was one of these modern girls who can take their love or leave it. She wasn't. She was the old-fashioned kind who never get over it." Philosophically he added, "I can't blame her—but I wish she hadn't tried to be so up-to-date."



THE current vogue for pure white china is a tasteful one, I think. You can get so many unique pieces that do not come in colors. I have just spent a delightful hour in a wholesale showroom where imported English china is sold. I am enthusiastic about the transparent loveliness of cabbage-leaf and lettuce-leaf spode. I saw white jam jars modeled in replica of small pineapples; I saw charming dishes (inexpensive) formed as two cabbage leaves curled up and held together by a graceful handle. Here are splendid Christmas presents.

MARRIED to an American, a Russian friend of mine has just had a baby girl. The mother's name is Helene. Her mother-in-law is named Isabel. Half the family wanted to name the child Helene; the other half wanted to name her Isabel. My friend solved the problem. Her daughter has been christened *Isalene*.

FROM our Canal Zone comes a report—verified by the American Museum of Natural History—assuring us that little fishes really do pour down out of the sky sometimes in a storm of rain.

Scoffers have long flouted this miracle. More than 1,500 years ago an old Greek named Athenæus tried to tell people about it, but nobody would believe him. The story has often popped up through the ages since then, and skeptics have always denied it.

Now a school-teacher in Panama has actually seen the thing happen—has taken photographs to prove the truth of it. The explanation is simple. A high wind scoops the little fish out of the sea, carries them aloft, and the clouds rain them down again.

What interests me is the fact that science now proves that the ancient story-tellers were right, while the skeptics were wrong—as usual.

LUSTY reading is *Old Gimlet Eye*—Smedley D. Butler's own story of his fighting life in the Marine Corps—as told to Lowell Thomas. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

"SLIPPER satin" and quilted taffeta are the latest materials for evening wraps. My preference is for the longer coat. I have just seen a lovely satin one in midnight blue, with fur that resembles chinchilla, and a band of quilting above the fur. The small collar, cut in a stand-up flare, was lined with the same fur. The sleeves were plain, untrimmed, leg-o'-mutton shape.

Hearts and Swords

(Reading time: 30 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS stirring romance concerns Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, exiled French nobleman and emissary of the British prime minister, in Venice in the dying days of the Republic. Marc is able to pose as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur, and also as Lebel, agent of the Directory in Paris. In Venice Marc meets Isotta Pizzamano, whom he had loved in London. Isotta, for political reasons, is now engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, an impoverished Venetian nobleman posing as a patriot but actually in the pay of Lallemand, the French ambassador. Marc also meets a lady, an agent of Lallemand, posing as the Vicomtesse de Saulx—his own widow. Between Marc and Vendramin a bitter enmity grows. Marc wounds Vendramin in a duel and Vendramin twice tries to have his rival assassinated by thugs. In the second attempt Marc is seriously wounded and left for dead. He is carried to the French embassy and nursed back to health by the "Vicomtesse de Saulx." In the meantime Vendramin presses his suit for Isotta's hand and urges an early marriage. He threatens her with exposure of his knowledge that she has visited Marc in his lodgings. Though loathing Vendramin, Isotta finally agrees to tell him at Easter, which is about a month away, when she will marry him.

PART NINE—THE QUEST

ISOTTA and her brother sat alone once more in her boudoir.

Despair had stripped her of her stateliness. She was in tears.

Domenico sat on a painted coffer, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, and misery in his face.

Unable longer to bear alone the burden of her unhappiness and her fears, Isotta had brought him to share it by telling him all that had passed at her interview with Vendramin. His consternation chiefly concerned the indiscretion of her visit to Marc-Antoine.

"That you should have taken so foolish a step is nothing. That Vendramin should have knowledge and proof of it is terrible. It places you in that fellow's power. If he were to publish this thing— Oh, my God!" He got up and stamped about the room.

"I fear that much less than the alternative of mar-





By

R A F A E L S A B A T I N I

Tangled Loves, Deadly
Dangers, Mounting
Suspense — A Thrilling
Tale Nears Its Climax

I L L U S T R A T I O N S B Y
J O H N F A L T E R

D E C O R A T I O N B Y
M O N T E C R E W S

A pair of beady eyes regarded Marc out of the yellow vulturine face of Cristoforo Cristofoli, the well known confidante of the all powerful inquisitors of state.



rying him. God of pity! When I consider that I am the bribe, the decoy to lure this villain into patriotic activity, I ask myself is that less shameful than to be branded for a wanton."

Domenico went down on one knee beside her and put his arms about her in a sheltering gesture of compassion.

"My poor Isotta! Poor child! Courage, courage! We are not at the marriage yet, and please God we never shall be. Do you think I want that rogue for a brother-in-law? You were clever to compel postponement of the decision. We have a month. And in a month—what cannot happen in a month?" He kissed her

tenderly, and as she clung to him fondly, gratefully, he pursued his encouragements. "I'll not be idle in the time. I'll begin by trying to discover something more about his duel with Marc, and how it came to be fought."

But for all his earnest brotherly intentions, Domenico, like his father, having always held aloof from the more frivolous groups of Venetian society which both Vendramin and Marc-Antoine had been frequenting, did not find it easy to penetrate it now.

Lodovico Manin had not even been constrained to face the agony of a pronouncement in the matter of that eleventh-hour alliance with the Austrians, nor had the

Grand Council ever been assembled to debate the matter. By the time that Count Pizzamano had placed before the Doge his information concerning the French plan, the Army of Italy was already advancing. It was too late for any measure beyond that of fortifying the actual city of Venice in a deluded hope of preserving her from violation.

It was to a Venice scarcely recognizable that Marc-Antoine at last returned when he emerged from his convalescence at the legation. This did not happen until the early days of April—on the morrow, in fact, of the battle of Judenburg, in which the Austrians suffered the final defeat of the campaign.

Although in Venice it was not yet suspected, the war was over and within a week the suspension of hostilities would be signed.

The vicomtesse had remained at the legation to tend Marc-Antoine until there was no longer a shadow of an excuse to justify her in continuing to neglect the insidious propagandist work that Lallemand was demanding of her—the careful gradual preparation of Venetian minds for what was to come. It was a work in which he was employing by now a small army of agents, many of whom were actually Venetian.

Her withdrawal had occurred at the outset of Marc-Antoine's convalescence, at a time when at last he was permitted to leave his bed and sit for a few hours by his window overlooking the Corte del Cavallo.

On the day when first he had sat there, in bedgown and slippers, his thick black hair loosely tied and a rug about his knees, he had expressed to her his unstinted acknowledgment of a debt which it secretly troubled him to have contracted.

"I should not be alive, Anne, if it had not been for your care of me."

SHE smiled upon him with a sad tenderness. "That is too much to say. But if I have helped to preserve your life, that gives me something creditable to set against all the rest."

She turned away and busied herself in the arrangement of some early violets in a piece of majolica that stood upon the table.

When she spoke again it was on a little note of subdued fierceness:

"I have no doubt whom you have to thank for a wound that was meant and believed to have given you your death. I suspected it at the time. We have had evidence

since. One of the men you wounded was the leader of that band. And Vendramin was kept indoors by a wound for ten days after that affair."

"That is very interesting," said Marc-Antoine.

It was particularly interesting to him because as soon as he had felt strong enough he had expressed himself forcibly to Lallemand and Villetard upon the consequences to himself of their action in the matter of the draughts.

"Interesting?" she had echoed, far from suspecting what was in his mind. "It would be interesting if I could bring that murderer to account. At first I thought myself responsible. Perhaps I am in part—but only in part. He seems to have had cause for jealousy on another score." She paused. She had come to stand beside him. She fussed with the pillows that supported him. "Madonna Isotta Pizzamano's interest in you showed me that. It seems our destiny to be rivals, she and I."

She said it lightly, and laughed as she said it, as if to cover her boldness with an air of jesting.

HE did not answer her. That mention of Isotta brought his thoughts sharply and painfully to the hopelessness of the situation as it now stood, a situation that for him meant defeat on every side.

For a time the vicomtesse was content furtively to watch his absorption. Then she broke in upon it:

"I compassionated the lady who was to marry Vendramin even before I suspected that there were such grounds for my pity. What must I do now?" She paused to come and place a hand upon his shoulder. "If you love Mademoiselle Isotta, why do you suffer Vendramin to marry her?"

He studied his hands for a time, looking so wasted, so white and translucent. Then he raised his glance, and found her eyes upon him very intently.

"If you will tell me how I am to prevent it, you will answer a question to which I can find no answer."

Her glance fell away from his, her hand from his shoulder. It was as if his reply had rebuffed her. She moved away a little, and fetched a sigh. "I see," she said. "It is as I supposed." And then, as if suddenly conscious that she had betrayed herself, she swung to him again and spoke with a vehemence that brought a flush to her cheek. "But don't think that I begrudge her this. So far am I from begrudging her that there is nothing I would not do to help you to her. That is how I love you, Marc."

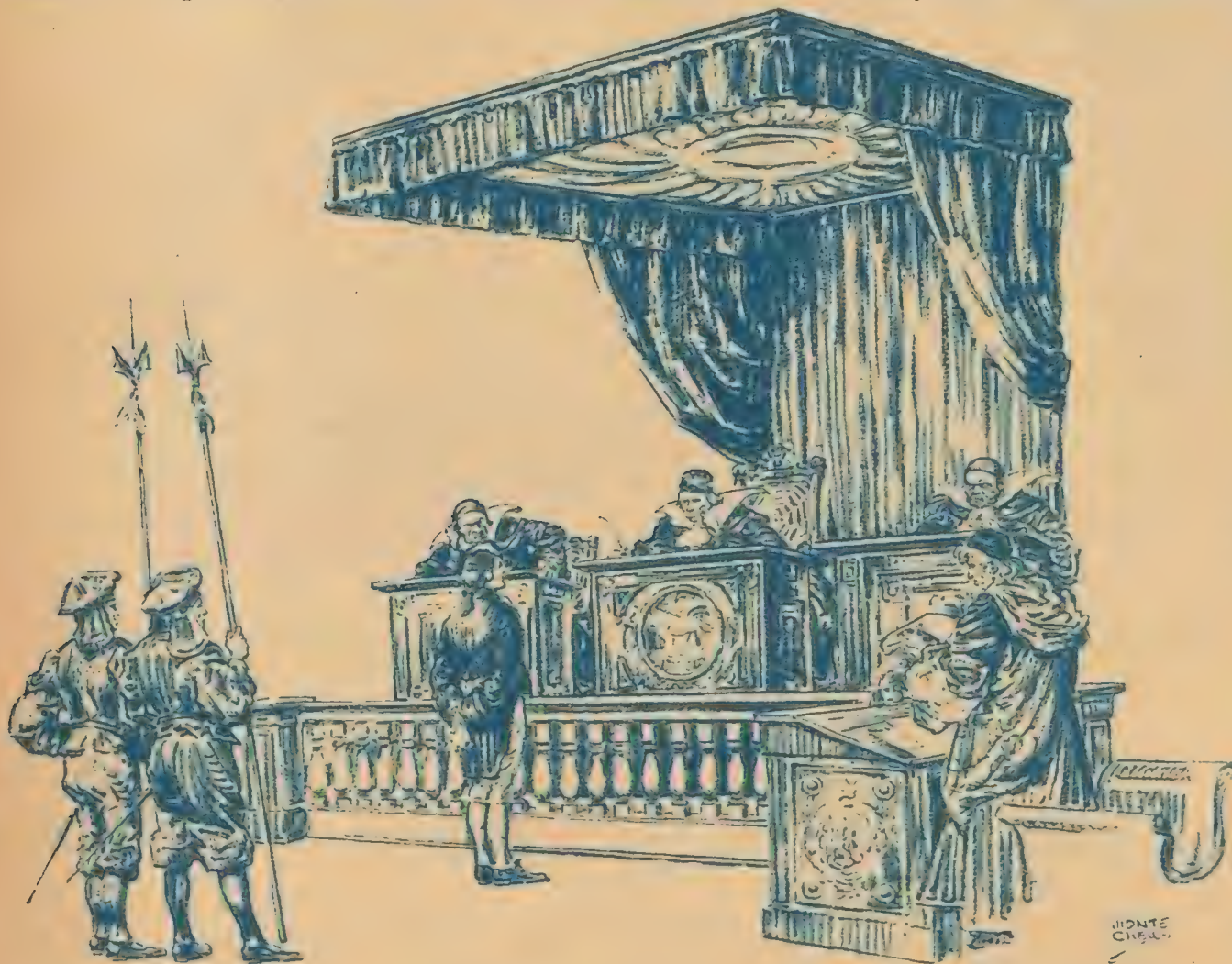
"My dear!" he cried, and impulsively extended one of those wasted hands.

She held it while she answered him: "I take no shame in confessing something that you must already know—something to which what you have told me shows me there can be no return. Nor need you look so troubled, my dear; for it is something that leaves me no regrets."

The only words he could find seemed trivial and banal:

"Dear Anne, I shall ever hold very gratefully and tenderly the memory of my great debt to you."

"I ask no more. If you do that you will repay me." Again she hesitated. "Hereafter you may hear things about me—unflattering things. Something you may already know, or at least suspect. Will you try to remember that whatever else I may have been, with you I have always been genuine and sincere?"



"It is the only thing concerning you that I could ever hold in my thoughts," he promised her.

"Then I am content." But there was no contentment in her blue eyes. They were sad to the point of tears. "I am leaving you today, Marc. There is no longer any excuse for my remaining. Philibert can do all that is necessary now. But you will come and see me sometimes, as before, at the Casa Gazzola?"

CHAPTER XXIX—THE INQUISITORS OF STATE

MARC-ANTOINE landed at the Rialto on the morning when he was released at last from his sick bed. He sent Philibert on to the Inn of the Swords to inform Battista, the landlord, that he followed.

His natural promptings were to go at once to the Casa Pizzamano at San Daniele; and yet he was withheld by hesitations. He asked himself in a sort of despair what it was that he could go to do there. All that remained, so far as he could see, was to take his leave of the count's family and depart, whilst he was yet free to do so, from this doomed capital of a doomed state where his every endeavour had failed.

Leaning a little heavily upon his cane, he took his way across the Merceria, where all was life and bustle, where traders bawled their wares in the narrow streets and haggling buyers were scarcely less vociferous, yet all of them jocular and good-humoured under the clear spring sky.

Conscious now of lassitude, and with his problem still unsolved, Marc-Antoine found himself a table at Florian's, in the open, and sat down to remove his hat and mop his heated brow. He ordered himself a bavaroise, and he had begun to sip it when he was aware of a presence at his elbow. He looked up to find there a stocky figure. A pair of beady eyes regarded Marc out of the yellow vulturine face of Cristofero Cristofoli, the well known confidante of the all powerful inquisitors of state.

The Venetian, smiling upon him with a certain grimness, greeted him in terms which showed him to be startlingly well informed: "I rejoice to see you in health and abroad again. My felicitations. We have been anxious for you. May I sit?" He drew up a chair and sank to it without waiting for permission. "Thus we shall be less conspicuous. I suffer from being too well known."

"At present," said Marc-Antoine, "you suffer also from being uninvited. Can it be my misfortune that you have business with me?" He sipped his bavaroise.

Cristofoli's beady eyes watched him stolidly. "You keep to your native drinks even here in Venice," he observed. "Habit is hard to repress."

Marc-Antoine set down his glass. "You are mistaken. The bavaroise is not an English drink."

"Oh, I am aware of that—but not that you are English. And that brings me to my business with you." He leaned across the little table. "Messers the inquisitors of state desire to resolve a doubt upon this very question of your nationality."

"I shall be happy to assist them whenever they desire it."

The apparitor's smile approved him. "No time like the present. If you will accompany me I shall have the honour of conducting you."

Marc-Antoine did not even hesitate. He beckoned the waiter, paid for his bavaroise, and, with an impeccably calm demeanour over a raging spirit, sauntered off with the tipstaff.

Past the soldiers guarding the Porta della Carta, they came into the ducal courtyard, where a half battalion of Slavonians bivouacked about the great bronze wellheads. They ascended the staircase over which Sansovino's giants presided, and then by the noble external gallery came to another staircase at the foot of which there was a guard.

They ascended again, and continued to ascend until

"I take no shame in confessing something that you must already know — something to which what you have told me shows there can be no return."



Marc-Antoine, out of breath, found himself on the top-most floor of the Ducal Palace, where the prison of the Leads was situated.

Here, in a chamber that was something between a guardroom and an office, the confidante at last handed him over to a corpulent official who desired to know his name, age, quality, nationality, and place of abode.

Cristofoli stood by whilst Marc-Antoine resignedly gave the name of Melville and all the particulars that went with it. His answers were entered into a register. Next, by a couple of archers acting upon the order of the official, he was searched. But, with the exception of his sword, they found upon him nothing of which they accounted it their duty to deprive him.

When this was over he was conducted by the same archers, and preceded by a turnkey, to the room assigned to him. It was a fair-sized chamber furnished with a table, a chair, a stool on which stood ewer and basin, and a trundle-bed.

After that he was left to reflect philosophically as he might upon the indubitable fact that he was a prisoner of the inquisitors. This situation, usually accounted terrifying, was to him merely an irritation. Terrors it had none.

He wrote a note to Sir Richard Worthington and another to Count Pizzamano. He claimed the assistance of

the first as a right, and begged that of the second as a favour.

He might have spared himself the trouble. For Catarin Corner, whilst more than persuaded of his guilt, was yet deeply concerned that he should be afforded every opportunity of establishing his innocence. Therefore when next morning he was summoned to appear before the dread tribunal of the Three, both the British ambassador and the count were in attendance.

It was Cristofoli who came for him and conducted him below to the second floor of the vast palace. Cristofoli halted his prisoner before a tall handsome door that was guarded by two archers.

The door was opened and Marc-Antoine passed into a splendid lofty antechamber. Sir Richard and the count were waiting for him.

Turning sharply as Marc-Antoine entered, Francesco Pizzamano, who wore his senatorial toga over his walking dress, would have come to speak to him but that he was respectfully restrained by an officer.

This subaltern at once took charge of the prisoner and, with Cristofoli following him as a guard, ushered him into the presence of the inquisitors.

Marc-Antoine found himself in a chamber small and intimate but as rich in frescoes, gildings, and stained glass as was every room in this house of splendours. He was placed at a wooden rail, whence he bowed calmly to the inquisitors. The three occupied wide bucket seats on a shallow dais set against the wall, and there was a writing pulpit before each of them. Catarin Corner, in red as the representative of the Ducal Council, occupied the middle place, between his two colleagues in black, who were members of the Council of Ten.

The officer withdrew, leaving the prisoner with Cristofoli for only guard.

When the secretary's order for this had been given and executed, Marc-Antoine, in a tone as easy and confident as his bearing, informed the inquisitors that he had been ill and was still weak, and begged to be allowed to sit.

A stool was provided for him, and the secretary opened the proceedings by reading the lengthy act of accusation. Summarized it amounted to a charge of espionage and misrepresentation; of conveying to the French government information detrimental to the Most Serene Republic, information obtained by falsely representing himself as working in the interests of the Serenissima; of passing under the assumed name of Melville and an assumed British nationality, whereas in fact he was a subject of the French Republic and a secret agent of the Directory whose real name was Camille Lebel.

WHEN the secretary had resumed his seat, Catarin Corner addressed the prisoner in his gentle voice:

"You have heard. And no doubt you are aware of the penalties which our laws prescribe for an offence of this gravity. You have leave, sir, to urge any reasons why these penalties should not be imposed upon you."

Marc-Antoine rose and leaned upon the rail. "Since these charges rest entirely, or almost entirely, upon the question of my identity, and since my own assertions on this can have little weight, I should respectfully submit that your Excellencies hear the British ambassador and my friend the Senator Count Pizzamano, who are in attendance." Angelo Maria Gabriel, the inquisitor on Corner's right, a man of a long, sorrowful countenance, speaking mournfully through his nose, approved the invitation as a very proper one. The other, Agostino Barbarigo, shrunken, trembling, half-palsied old man, nodded a silent contemptuous concurrence.

Sir Richard was brought in first. He was important and emphatic. He had made a grave mistake once where Mr. Melville was concerned, and for this, upon Mr. Melville's complaint, he had been severely reprimanded from Whitehall. Until this moment Mr. Melville had punished him—in his own view—by ignoring him and denying him all opportunity of making amends. But the opportunity was vouchsafed him at last, and he meant to rehabilitate himself with his government by making the most of it.

Hence the vehemence of the oration—it amounted to no less—which he now delivered in Marc-Antoine's defence. When stripped, however, of the imposing rhet-

oric, which survived even in the French that Sir Richard employed, the ambassador's statements were seen to lack authority. They rested upon letters from Mr. Pitt, one of which the Vicomte de Saulx had personally presented and the others of which had subsequently followed.

"You would not venture, Sir Richard, to exclude the possibility that the prisoner might have improperly obtained the letter he delivered to you? Monsieur Pitt's later communications to you might have been written under a misapprehension created by forgeries committed by the prisoner."

"I should say," answered Sir Richard with heat, "that such a thing is so extremely improbable as to make the suggestion—fantastic."

"Thank you, Sir Richard," droned the tearful voice.

Count Pizzamano followed at once, and with his coming the proceedings became more serious. By virtue of his senatorial rank the count was offered a seat near the secretary's pulpit, where by a turn of the head he could face at once the inquisitors or the prisoner.

He was clear and comparatively brief. He had read the act of accusation, and in his mind no doubt existed of the error which the tribunal was committing. The evidence of this was overwhelming.

IT was true that the prisoner had assumed a false nationality and had modified his family name to suit that assumption. But he had done it in the monarchist service and to combat the evil of Jacobinism, which was the worst evil that had ever confronted the Most Serene Republic. To establish this, the prisoner's real identity and his record before coming to Venice should satisfy any reasonable man. There was, however, a great deal more. There were the real services which he had rendered to the Serenissima during his sojourn amongst them, services rendered at considerable peril to himself.

The count went on to tell the court that his acquaintance with the prisoner was not of yesterday. That he was Marc-Antoine de Melleville, Vicomte de Saulx, Count Pizzamano could assert from assured knowledge acquired whilst he was Venetian minister in London. Then he spoke in detail of the vicomte's record in the Vendée.

"But nothing in that record," he wound up, "magnificent as it is, can compare in heroism with the perils he has incurred here in the service of a cause which is the cause of every Venetian to whom his country's welfare is dear."

Thus his testimony had become an advocacy, and as Marc-Antoine's advocate he now continued and was tolerated out of deference to his senatorial rank. This might be unusual, and yet as a member of the Council of Ten he could not in any case have been excluded from these proceedings.

Gabriel's lean red forefinger stroked a long nose as red that jutted from his otherwise pallid face.

"The prisoner," he whined, "has assumed so many identities that a man's mind loses its way amongst them."

"If you will review what I have done," said Marc-Antoine, "you will realize that I could not otherwise have done it."

"We are familiar in this tribunal," said the gentle Corner, "with the methods of secret agents. In this way we can accept your explanation that it was sometimes necessary for you to pose as Melville and sometimes as Lebel. The real question for us is: In which of these characters—both assumed—were you actually honest?"

"That question, Excellency, should be sufficiently answered by my real identity, upon which you have heard Count Pizzamano. Would the Vicomte de Saulx, who has suffered what the Vicomte de Saulx is known to have suffered at the hands of Jacobins, be likely to imperil his life by promoting the interest of Jacobinism? For the rest, the answer should lie in the nature of the services I have rendered here. Count Pizzamano can speak of these, if he will."

The count spoke at once and with weight. He dwelt upon the valuable information which from time to time the Vicomte de Saulx had brought to him and which he had passed on to his Serenity the Doge. In particular he dwelt upon the denunciations of Rocco Terzi and of

Sartoni, matters which had been investigated by this very tribunal. Was more necessary? he asked.

"It would not be," said old Barbarigo, "if it did not appear that the prisoner's services to the Serenissima as Messer Melville were outweighed by his disservices as Lebel."

This drew from the count a question, that had been troubling him from the outset: "But is it, then, so clearly established that he and Camille Lebel are one?"

"We have not heard the prisoner deny it," said Corner. "Tacitly at least he has admitted it."

"It is expressly admitted," said Marc-Antoine at once, and thereby seemed to puzzle the count. "It must be clear to your Excellencies that I could not have enjoyed the confidence of the French legation unless I could impose myself there as an accredited agent of the Directory. Let me tell you of the chance that made this possible."

As briefly as so long a story might be told he related his adventure with the real Lebel at the White Cross Inn.

The melancholy of Gabriel seemed to deepen. "Do you ask us to believe that you have been able for all these months successfully to impersonate this man at the French legation?"

"That is what I ask you to believe. Improbable though it may seem to you, I ask it with confidence, since it should be confirmed by the information which I have conveyed to you."

Corner sat back in his chair, his chin in his hand, and addressed the count. "Our first difficulty," he said, "is that we know, from intercepted letters, that the prisoner has been communicating information of Venetian measures to the Directory."

Marc-Antoine's answer was immediate and clear: "You have yourself indicated the necessity under which a secret agent lies. To sustain my assumed character of Lebel it was necessary that I communicate something. I do not know what letters you may have intercepted, but I fearlessly challenge you to produce a single one containing anything which on close examination could be hurtful to the Venetian Republic, or that would not have been common knowledge by the time my letter could reach Paris."

CORNER nodded silently.

"Some months ago," he said slowly, "at a time before the French had crossed our borders, the Senate received an unconscionable, a shameful demand to expel from Venetian territory that unfortunate refugee prince who, under the style of the Comte de Lille, enjoyed our hospitality in Verona. That demand, couched in the terms of an ultimatum, bore the signature of Camille Lebel. Now, it has lately come to our knowledge that this demand was not made under any instructions from Paris."

"I do not deny it, nor anything else that is true."

The answer seemed to take not only the inquisitors by surprise but Count Pizzamano as well.

"You do not deny it?" said Corner. "Can you, then, who profess to work in the monarchist and anti-Jacobin interest, explain your motives for an act so malevolent at once to your king and to the Republic?"

Marc-Antoine answered quietly:

"I shall need, I hope, to stir only your Excellencies' memories. When I admitted that I acted in that without express orders from Paris, I admitted what is true literally; but literally only. Actually the order was foreshadowed by a letter which I had just received from Barras, and in fact the order to make that demand arrived a few days after I had made it."

"But why should you have betrayed such anxiety to perform an act which, if you are what you pretend to be, should be repellent?"

"It will be in your Excellencies' memory, or at least in your records, that this ultimatum came to the Senate within a couple of days of the arrest of Rocco Terzi. That arrest placed me in a position of grave difficulty and danger. I was the only person besides Lallemant—and excepting Terzi's partners in treason—who had knowledge of the work upon which Terzi was engaged. His arrest brought me under the gravest suspicion. If I was to save my life and continue the anti-Jacobin work to which I had devoted myself, it was necessary to restore Lallemant's confidence in me. This was not an easy matter. I accomplished it by an outstanding proof of my Jacobinism."

The inquisitors hesitated, seeming to question one another with their eyes. Then Corner leaned forward.

"If I understand you correctly, your assertion is that at the French legation you are believed to be Camille Lebel, and that Monsieur Lallemant does not so much as suspect that you are the Vicomte de Saulx?"

"That is my assertion."

"And this," said Corner, "in spite of the fact that madame your wife, who passes for a cousin of Monsieur Lallemant, who is constantly in your company, who has remained with you at the French legation to nurse you through your illness, makes no secret of the fact that she is the Vicomtesse de Saulx. Do you really wish us to understand that whilst knowing her—his reputed cousin—for the Vicomtesse de Saulx, Monsieur Lallemant does not know you for the vicomte? Is that what you ask us to believe?"

In the next installment you will read how Isotta Pizzamano was delivered from the threat of marriage to Vendramin.

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 32

Chimney



"Well, at least we all agree on one thing!"

Raleigh



FREE BRIDGE CARDS

Those four hands don't completely agree. Notice the women prefer Raleigh cork-tips: they protect the lips. With each package of Raleighs you get a coupon. 50 coupons bring a deck of initialed Congress quality, U. S. Playing Cards. (Or save 85 for a handsome bridge set of two decks.) Offer good only in U. S. A.

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ECONOMY and the VETERANS



A LETTER TO LIBERTY

(Reading time: 3 minutes 25 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter is published as it was received, without prejudice or comment. Liberty does not desire to take sides in the difficult and perplexing matter of administering the National Economy Act, but it does believe that what this veteran says is of sufficient interest and importance to be presented to its readers.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF LIBERTY: I was much interested in a recent Liberty editorial entitled Slicing the Veterans' Pay. Therein the writer suggested that pensions be paid by the individual states, and that "the home folks care for their injured veterans"—thereby assuring more just decisions on all claims.

I regret to inform you that, as a matter of cold fact, the government has already accomplished the very thing you advocate, but in a different way and with effects radically opposite.

Through application of the so-called Economy Act the burden of caring for a majority of the veterans on the pension rolls has been transferred from the government's shoulders to those of the states and the local communities from which these veterans came. The act is being enforced, I am sorry to say, in the most drastic measure by those charged with such work.

Under its provisions even the widows of Civil War veterans—a pitiful remnant—have had four dollars a month taken from them to aid the budget balancing. Civil War veterans are cut 10 per cent, but as there are only some 26,000 on the rolls the saving here will not be large. Meanwhile the widows of Spanish War veterans are hard hit. Their pensions of thirty dollars a month are cut 50 per cent in a large number of cases, leaving them fifteen dollars on which to exist. You know how far that will go in these times.

At the same time the veterans' homes throughout the country are being swept almost clean of members by drastic interpretation and enforcement of the power given to the President under the Economy Act. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt does not know of this. I only wish

he and you could witness the wholesale deportations from these homes under the instructions issued by the Veterans' Administration. Age, illness, and the impossibility of earning even a bare existence outside these homes make no difference.

It is explained that Spanish War veterans are stricken from the rolls under the cover of "medical judgment" that their diseases or injuries were not incurred in line of duty.

What chance has a soldier to refute or rebut such judgment thirty-five years after the war ended?

Without commenting on the justice or fairness of such procedure, let me call your attention to the fact that all these men must be fed and supported by some one. Many have no relatives or friends to whom they can turn. They must make their way as best they can to their home states, and there the states or communities must provide for them. Once out of these homes, they cannot return; so you see how the burden of support of the veteran has been silently shifted to the various states.

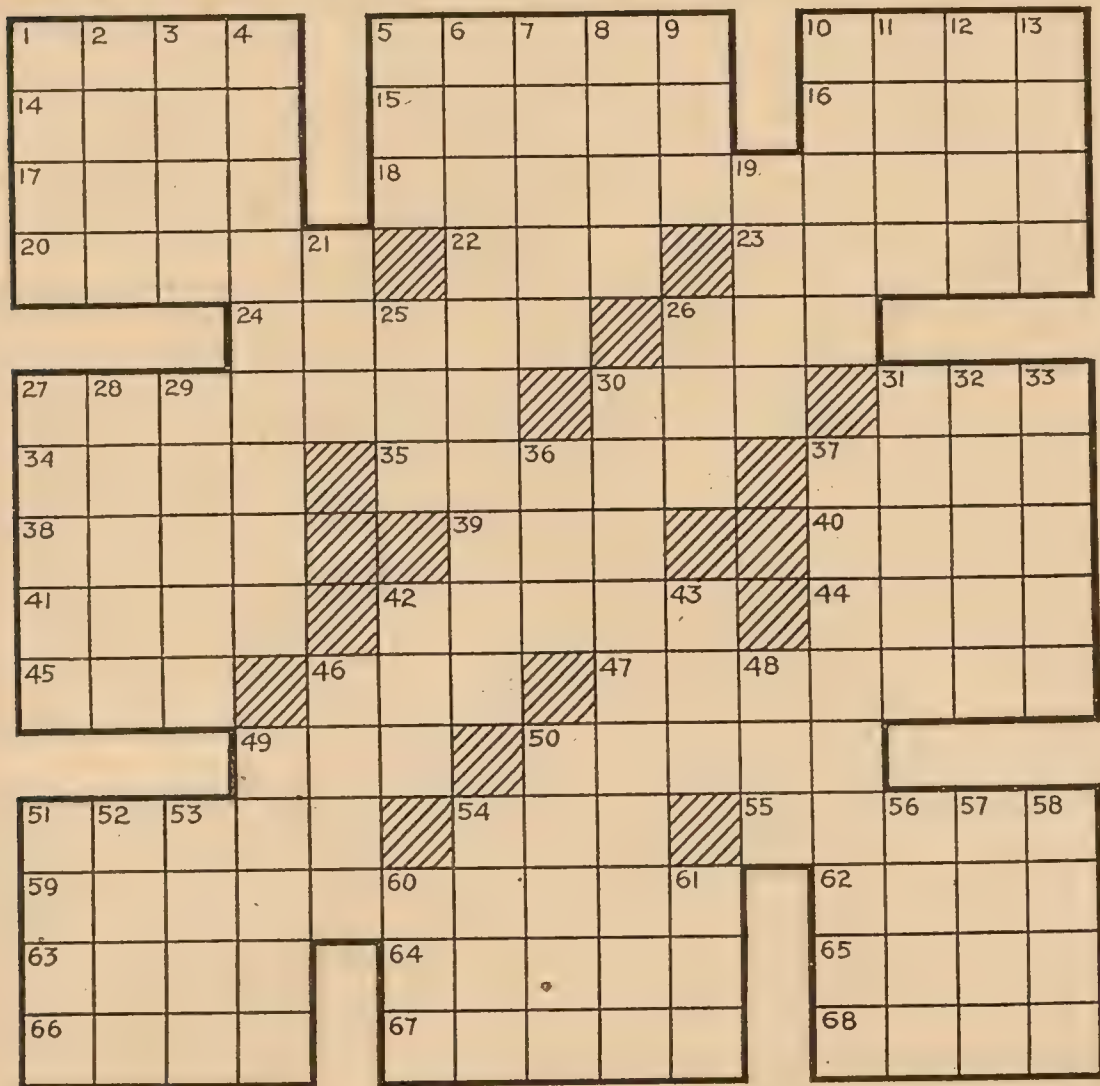
TRY to visualize the effect of this on state and county taxes. And look at the direct money loss to every community in which a veteran not in a home received his pension. He spent it for the necessities of life. It went directly into trade channels. Now it is lost to the business men of every community.

I write of these older veterans because I am one of them and know about them, and because I believe their case is more urgent than that of younger men who fought in the World War.

Wonderful economy, that takes half their limited means of support from widows whose husbands died from wounds or hardships suffered in Cuba, the Philippines, or the fever-ridden camps of the South in 1898; that sends men of sixty-eight or more out into the world without a dollar; that perils even the few remaining veterans of the Civil War, and utilizes these savings for reforestation and other projects employing the young and able-bodied!

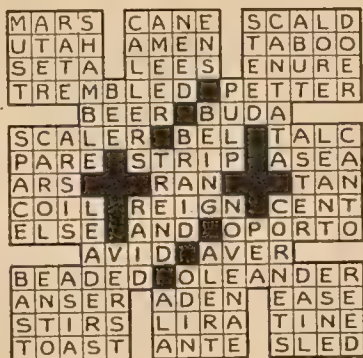
A VETERAN.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A minced oath
- 5 On or toward the left side of a vessel
- 10 An incrustation over a wound
- 14 Chief solid constituent of urine
- 15 A missile weapon of offense
- 16 Whine
- 17 Comprehended
- 18 Not excessive or immoderate
- 20 A town in Colombia
- 22 Devoured
- 23 Sunken space or court about a building (pl.)
- 24 A cubic meter
- 26 Large flatboat
- 27 More distant
- 30 An offer, as of a price at auction
- 31 A revolving piece in machinery
- 34 A kingdom of Biblical times
- 35 Laid level with the ground
- 37 Puncture
- 38 To summon before a court
- 39 Fresh
- 40 In a line or rank
- 41 Employer
- 42 Once more
- 44 To be deprived of
- 45 A color
- 46 Area ten meters square
- 47 Lyre-shaped
- 49 Topaz humming bird
- 50 Kind of theater in ancient Greece



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 51 Cover with ignominy or reproach
- 54 Crude metal
- 55 A Russian prison
- 59 Native factotum employed by a foreign establishment
- 62 Roman highway
- 63 A source of indigo
- 64 Vessel belonging to a regular line
- 65 Woman's name
- 66 Interpret (poetic)
- 67 Battery terminal
- 68 Man's name

VERTICAL

- 1 Burst forth
- 2 Combining form meaning mountain
- 3 Perceived
- 4 More comely
- 5 River in Switzerland
- 6 Prepare in advance
- 7 Declaim
- 8 A flower
- 9 Cardinal number
- 10 To arc at the brushes, as in a dynamo
- 11 A regular solid of six equal sides
- 12 According to
- 13 An insect (plural)
- 19 East Indian aromatic plant
- 21 Coin of an Asiatic country
- 25 Ever
- 26 Succor
- 27 Come again
- 28 Woman's name
- 29 Paired, as animals, for breeding
- 30 Puzzled
- 31 French painter
- 32 Ascended
- 33 Cried, as an animal of the feline kind
- 36 Genus of large grass
- 37 A dish of cold boned chicken or veal
- 42 A constellation
- 43 A brood of pheasants (obsolete)
- 46 State to be true
- 48 A deer
- 49 Fully sufficient
- 50 Town in Penobscot County, Maine
- 51 A cicatrix
- 52 Stone for sharpening cutting instruments
- 53 Surrounded or encompassed by
- 54 Supreme deity of the later Norse pantheon
- 56 Minute particle
- 57 Imaginary being, like an elf
- 58 Pertaining to an epoch
- 60 Wing
- 61 Sooner than

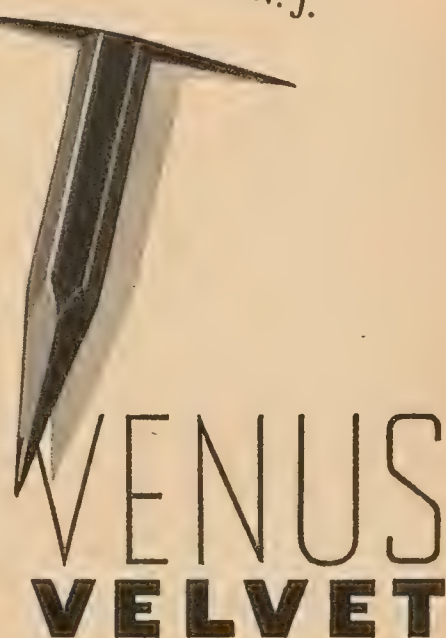
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

WHY ADVERTISE A LEAD PENCIL?

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HANDY HATTER

VOX POPP

MR. FILENE SCORES A BULL'S-EYE

TORONTO, ONT.—I have just finished reading Edward Filene's *The Way to Prosperity in Liberty* for September 30, and want to tell you it is one of the most interesting articles on the subject I have read in *Liberty* or any other magazine for a long time.

Five sixths of the population, the motive power and the means of creating dividends and huge profits for the other sixth, surely must be considered, even if it is only as a means to that end, setting aside the moral aspects of the question and the betterment of the condition of humanity.—*C. C. Cottrell.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Special mention extraordinary should be given to Mr. Edward A. Filene and Earl Reeves for their splendid *Way to Prosperity*. It clicks.—*Rad Sayman.*

TRY TO FIND ANTITRANSUBSTANTIATIONISTICALLY

JANESVILLE, WIS.—In your September 30 issue one of your Twenty Questions regards the longest word to be found in the English dictionary. The answer to same is given as "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," meaning honorableness. I doubt very much if this particular word can be found in any English dictionary, Standard or otherwise. There is another word with an equal number of letters as the word you give, namely: "proantisubstantionistically." It is a more English-sounding word than "honorificabilitudinitatibus," but just try to find it in an English dictionary.—*Mrs. H. M. Green.*

(The word honorificabilitudinitatibus is found in *A New English Dictionary*, popularly known as the *Oxford Dictionary*, H-K volume, and is there stated to be the longest word in the English language.—THE EDITOR.)

AND WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KEEP THIS A SECRET

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—After having read *Liberty* for years I've about reached the conclusion the stories are rarely selected for merit. I'm inclined to believe the publishers possess a high-powered machine into which manuscripts are fed in bales. A blind operator presses a button occasionally, the machine coughs up something, and that something is published for a story.—*E. C. Turner.*

WELL, SO LONG UNTIL NEXT WEEK

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Why the heck do you try to hide your index?

If you don't get this put back in front I am not going to buy another copy until next week.—*W. H. Hough.*

YOU DON'T KNOW SOME OF OUR VOX POPPERS

CUMBERLAND, MD.—Don't you think it would be a wise investment to offer \$100 to any one answering ten of *Liberty's* Twenty Questions correctly?

It would overexercise hundreds of minds, but still, your money would be perfectly safe.—*Sophie.*

ALFALFA BILL MURRAY AND OTHERS APPARENTLY LIKE JOHN ERSKINE'S ARTICLE AS WELL AS WE DID

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I have just read the article by John Erskine in your magazine of September 16 on *What Price Education?* I am so impressed with this article that has been written along the line of my own preachment since I announced for Governor in 1930, and have adhered to ever since, that I want some of our educators to read it with a view of these reforms.—*William H. Murray, Governor of Oklahoma.*

QUANTICO, VA.—I inclose a copy of an appreciation that I have written to Professor John Erskine of Columbia University for his article entitled *What Price Education?* that appeared in *Liberty* of September 16. Please accept my congratulations for the progressive and helpful attitude of *Liberty* and the hope that such articles will be sufficiently appreciated to justify more of them.—*J. C. Breckinridge, Brigadier General, U. S. M. C., Commandant, Marine Corps Schools.*

[General Breckinridge's letter to Professor Erskine follows.—THE EDITOR.]

QUANTICO, VA.—An impulsive expression of appreciation and gratitude can never be out of place. It is such an expression that I feel impelled to offer to you now, having this moment completed the reading of *What Price Education?* appearing in *Liberty* of September 16 issue.

Yesterday, when these schools opened for the academic year, the Assistant Commandant (Colonel Miller of the Marines) directed that every officer of the Staff and student bodies read your article. This morning he presented me with a copy. Without intent on your part, you have helped us immeasurably in our own work and aspirations. I thank you.—*J. C. Breckinridge, Brigadier General, U. S. M. C., Commandant, Marine Corps Schools.*

MONTREAL, N. C.—I have attended four institutions of higher learning in the past few years and completed the prescribed course for a degree from one of the liberal arts colleges this year. I attended the classes that I registered for occasionally, and I wish to state that the article written by John Erskine pictures the institutions and the professors I am acquainted with so accurately that I feel he must have attended the same schools that I did.—*S. L. Woodward, Jr.*

LIBERTY CABBAGE TO YOU, CLARENCE

CAMDEN, N. J.—Just finished reading your editorial, *Labor's Calamitous Blunder*, in *Liberty* of September 30.

As a physical culturist you are, perhaps, supreme, but as an economist you're a crock of sauerkraut.—*Clarence E. Moullette.*

A LITTLE MATTER FOR UNCLE SAM'S COLLECTION DEPARTMENT

PORTLAND, ORE.—Senator Arthur Robinson's article *Why the War Debts Must Be Paid* leaves the feeling that it was incomplete. The reason? The senator failed to make suggestions how the United States should go about collecting from her debtors what they owe her. The United States government showed ingenuity, persistence, and resourcefulness when it was determined to get from the people the billions of dollars which were loaned right and left. Will the United States government show the same persistence and ingenuity in collecting what is coming to her?—*Leo Ricen, M.D.*

PORTLAND, ME.—Senator Robinson presented an interesting argument for payment of the debts. He didn't tell us how to collect them. Does he suggest war?—*B. Morris.*

SOUNDS TO US LIKE THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

SIoux CITY, IA.—In Mr. Fisher's article in the September 16 issue we read, "Most people still imagine that all of the fall in the price of wheat since 1926 is due to the superabundance of wheat. This is not true." If it isn't true, why is the government trying to get the farmer to cut down his acreage of wheat? Why are they buying pigs from the farmer to make fertilizer to grow more corn to feed more pigs to make more fertilizer to grow more corn to feed more pigs?

I say, create a good, solid world market so that the farmer can sell his produce at a good price, so that he can make a profit selling at wholesale and buying at retail. That is where we will find profit for all of us.—*Jake Irwins.*

WE GO COLLEGIATE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—You are publishing a magazine that is of interest especially to the young college people of today. These are the liberal readers of *Liberty*.

In college and university halls, fraternity houses, and the classroom liberal ideas as set forth through the pages of *Liberty* are being discussed.—*Charles E. Thomas, Editor The Delta, Secretary-Treasurer College Fraternity Editors' Association.*

YOU BOYS BETTER GET TOGETHER

CANTON, OHIO.—The Prince and the Pop-overs, by Helen Augur, in the September 30 issue, brought a sob into my throat, but the sensation was altogether pleasant.

What a relief to read such an enchanting and altogether lovely story.—*H. L. Otterson.*

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—You sure slipped up when you let *The Prince and the Pop-overs*, by Helen Augur, get by you. Please don't print any more slush like that.—*J. S. Royer.*

CONFIDENTIALLY, HAROLD JUST CAN'T ABIDE WHISKERS

TORONTO, ONT.—Why not tell Harold Denison, the illustrator of Hutcheson's Head in Liberty of September 30, to do a little research before attempting to draw a Sikh sergeant?

Neither he nor any one else ever saw a Sikh clean-shaven. They wear full beards. Nor do they wear a military cap. They wear always a turban. Perhaps the artist never saw one.—*L. A. Chess.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The story Hutcheson's Head is good, but the drawing of the supposed Sikh is queer. Sikhs are really magnificent men and almost invariably have beards, this being one requirement of their religion. The facial characteristics of Sikhs differ radically from the picture.—*J. J. Kingham.*

THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE SAME VILLAGE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty—so uniquely free of all defects, and the acme of excellences, variously—sadly tripped in atrociously misspelling on page 42 of the September 23 issue the simple place name of a small village in my native land. The correct spelling is as follows: LLanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogogoch.—*Rev. R. T. Jenkins.*

ADVICE TO GENERAL JOHNSON

MADISON, WIS.—If the edict of Hoover to maintain wage rates was the calamitous blunder Liberty claims it was, what do you say about NRA?

The codes are an attempt to fix wages and hours. It seems to me that the government would accomplish what it wants to if it would do just one thing and that is to fix hours so low that there would always be a million jobs looking for men.—*Glenn P. Turner.*

WE HAPOLOGIZE, YOU HIPPOLOGIST

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The caption you inserted over the letter of R. H. Powel of Swift Current, Sask., in your issue of September 16, caused Mr. Powel, ranchers, sourdoughs, packers, Missourians, and all others versed in hippology (horses to you!) to smile loudly and long.

The father of the mule, if no other indignant horseman has so far informed you, is a jackass, and not a horse.—*Peter W. Mourer, Jr.*

THE PRINTER RAN OUT OF BLOND INK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I write not to praise nor knock your magazine but to ask a question.

How come author Ben Hecht describes Eddie Wells as a blond with fluffy hair and artist W. MacRae Gillies paints him with straight black hair?

I am referring, of course, to your entertaining story, Smile, Damn You, Smile, issue of September 16.—*"Ding" Appel.*

IS MR. HOFF'S FACE RED!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Cover by Guy Hoff, sez you! Shades of a cow-

puncher! sez I. What the hell kind of lariat is that with a loop instead of a running noose on your September 30 cover?—*Maverick.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—On your knees, brothers, and pray that Will Rogers never sees the loop in the lasso rope on your cover of September 30.

Send Guy Hoff to Pendleton next year.—*William Dixon.*

OUR 3.2 EDITOR SAYS YOU'RE CRAZY

BRAMPTON, ONT.—I understand that 3.2 beer in the United States is equivalent to 8.8 beer in Canadian terms of measurement. Canadians in Ontario are prone to compare 3.2 beer with 4.4 beer (which is legal in Ontario), whereas American beer is twice as strong as Ontario beer when similar standards of measurement are used.—*A Believer in Facts.*

PRAISE FOR HENRY FORD'S ATTITUDE ON JOBS FOR SERVICE MEN

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I want to register a word of praise for Henry Ford's recent action regarding service men. Mr. Ford is one of the first big business men since the armistice in 1918 to take the position that "an honorable discharge means a job."

At a time like the present, when a job means the right to begin living again, Mr. Ford's action must earn him the gratitude of all honorably discharged service men whom he has helped.—*William C. Baker.*

HOW CLOSE DID YOU COME?

WEYERS CAVE, VA.—Why didn't you hire a certain Mr. Hugh Fullerton to forecast the winner of the World's Series for Liberty? It seems, as well as I can remember, Mr. Fullerton picked the Athletics and Giants for the royal battle of 1932. Results—Yanks take four straight from Cubs. Along comes Mr. Fullerton again this spring forecasting victories for the Yanks and Pirates. And the winners this time turn out to be the Senators, whom Mr. Fullerton picked for third place, and the Giants, whom he picked for somewhere in second division. Yes, sir, he picks the Giants in '32, and the Yanks in '33. The Yanks win in '32 and Giants in '33. Oh, well.—*Fulton A. King.*

AH! THE OLD FORTY AND EIGHT

DETROIT, MICH.—Will some other reader of Liberty

give a reasonable explanation of why we have in the United States, in this day and age, forty-eight states, forty-eight governors, forty-eight legislatures, forty-eight armies of self-seeking politicians and grafters to bleed the taxpayers?

In one state an act may be legal, while in its neighbor it is against the law. One may be married in one state and freed in another.

Why not have one country, one law, one legislative body, and one executive power?—*S. Kleiner.*

YOU'VE GOT US ALL FLUSTERED; WE CAN'T THINK OF A THING

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I've been a reader of Liberty for quite a few years, but I've never heard a word of praise given to the unknown person who writes those clever sayings which top all the letters sent in to Vox Pop. Whoever it is, he or she certainly knows all the answers. Come on, what are you gonna name this one?—*E. Bennett.*

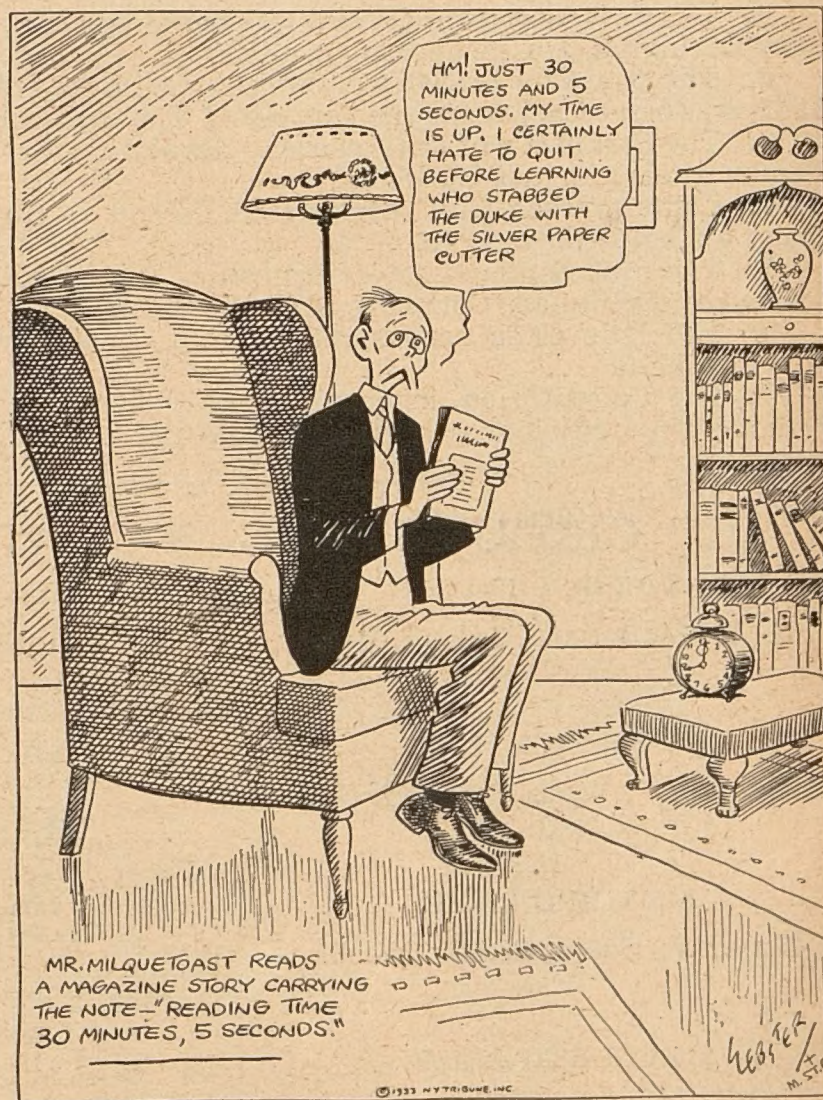
LONG-DISTANCE CALL FOR MR. WODEHOUSE

BERLIN—TEGEL, GERMANY—This is to give you hell for not giving us any more stories by that indescribably funny Englishman Wodehouse, with his silly-ass heroes.

I have missed them for about two years now. I hope you'll mend your ways and soon give us some more of them.—*Rudolf Handwerck.*

TWO HITS, NO ERRORS

DAVENPORT, IA.—Your baseball stories, Portrait of a Southpaw, and Hate at First Sight, were sure circuit clouts.—*Baseball Bug.*



Scrambled History Contest

ANOTHER CHANCE TO SHARE IN LIBERTY'S

\$250

CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK!

Sixty-four Opportunities to Be a Winner!

IF you can unscramble the names, dates, and events in the ten statements below and rearrange them into ten historically accurate statements of American history you will be well on your way toward winning one of the sixty-four cash prizes Liberty offers this week. Why not try your skill at this interesting game? You'll find it heaps of fun and if you capture one of the cash awards you'll be doubly repaid.

Read the rules carefully before you submit your entry. They give complete information on how, when, and where to file it. Don't neglect to include with your list of unscrambled sentences the brief statement required by Rule 3. Failure to include this will make your entry incomplete and eliminate it from consideration by the judges.

This contest closes on Monday, November 13, which gives you ample time to enter.

THE SCRAMBLED STATEMENTS

1. The Battle of Monterey, Mexico, September 13, 1814, was won by General Zachary Taylor.
2. The panic of 1837 began with the failure of a large business house in Liverpool shortly after the inauguration of President Martin Van Buren.
3. The first shot of the Civil War was fired on Fort McHenry, Charleston, September 24, 1846.
4. The first successful oil well was bored by Governor De Witt Clinton near Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1859.
5. The attack by British warships on Fort Sumter, Baltimore, April 12, 1861, was the occasion for the writing of The Star-Spangled Banner.
6. The first battle of the American Revolution was fought at Titusville, Pennsylvania, August 19, 1812.
7. Captain Isaac Hull surrendered Detroit to General Brock without firing a single gun in 1840.
8. The first regular line of steamships from England to America was started by the Cunard Company of New Orleans.
9. The Erie Canal, sponsored by E. L. Drake, was officially opened April 19, 1775.
10. The Constitution, commanded by General William Hull, met and defeated the British frigate Guerrière off Nova Scotia in 1825.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
Ten Prizes, Each \$5	50
Fifty Prizes, Each \$2	100

SIXTY-FOUR Prizes, Total... \$250

The RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Untangle the scrambled history in the ten contest sentences on this page by correlating the names, facts, and events in their proper relationship.
3. Then write a brief statement of not more than 300 words telling which of the events, in your opinion, had the greatest bearing on world history, and why.
4. Write on one side of paper only. Make sure your full name and complete address are written on the upper right-hand corner of your first sheet.
5. Mail your entry to SCRAMBLED HISTORY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. This contest closes with the close of business Monday, November 13, 1933. Entries received later will not be considered.
7. Entries will be judged on the accuracy of the correlation of names, dates, and events, and the interest and clarity of the accompanying letter.
8. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
9. Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the prize schedule printed above. In case of a tie or ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each contestant so tying.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONTEST WINNERS, AUGUST 26

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

J. A. MACDONALD, Aylmer, Que.

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

CHARLOTTE C. WEBB, Paterson, N. J.

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

EMILY V. KOPTA, Seattle, Wash.

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

S. J. CHRAFT, Chicago, Ill.

TEN \$5 PRIZES

Edna E. Barr, Elwood, Ind.; C. E. Dalton, Marion, Va.; William E. Dixon, Washington, D. C.; C. W. Drobny, Somerville, N. J.; Frank J. Enright, Berkeley, Calif.; William G. Greene, Memphis, Tex.; Mrs. Thomas Humphreys, Jr., Germantown, Pa.; William F. McGee, Oakland, Calif.; Aaron Paley, Cleveland, Ohio; H. Zunsner, New York, N. Y.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

Victor Albert, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. E. H. Bernard, Los Angeles, Calif.; R. W. Bertelson, Tacoma, Wash.; Clifford M. Brown, New Haven, Conn.; Clark S. Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Isidoro Caldas, San Juan, P. R.; Mickey Carter, San Francisco, Calif.; E. M. Chester, Jr., Beaumont, Tex.; Jessie M. Chez, Salt Lake City, Utah; R. B. Collins, Charlotte, N. C.; Margaret Cornett, Vancouver, B. C.; W. R. Crandall, Leavenworth, Kan.; Lowell Drake, El Centro, Calif.; Robert T. Gidley, Waxahachie, Tex.; Melvin Gould, Hot Springs, Ark.

George H. Harper, Columbus, Ohio; Hafford D.

Hetzler, Muncie, Ind.; Clared Holmes, San Francisco, Calif.; Helen Hanousek, Astoria, N. Y.; K. B. Johnson, Piqua, Ohio; Esther Laabs, Oshkosh, Wis.; Margaret Lauer, South Pasadena, Calif.; Mae C. Losey, Miami, Fla.; W. F. Luce, Columbia, S. C.; Evelyn Marcus, Orangeburg, S. C.; Gladys S. Matthews, Austin, Tex.; Henry McDonald, San Francisco, Calif.; C. D. McGurk, Terre Haute, Ind.; Marta Meyers, Berkeley, Calif.; C. W. Miller, Covington, Ky.; C. Peter Miller, W. Palm Beach, Fla.; Gene R. Miller, Lexington, Ky.

W. Robert Mitchell, Detroit, Mich.; E. D. Mobley, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. A. W. New, Vancouver, B. C.; Charles H. Newhouse, Lancaster, N. Y.; Mary O'Lalor, Brentwood, N. Y.; William H. Parsons, Trinidad, Colo.; Mrs. Charles Phenix, Emporia, Kan.; C. W. Ream, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fred Ristram, Des Moines, Iowa; C. M. Ruckman, Mount Pleasant, Ohio; Sherwood C. Samuels, Muscatine, Iowa; Thomas A. Scanlon, East Aurora, N. Y.; Roscoe I. Short, Hazleton, Iowa; Walter Stickel, North Bergen, N. J.; W. P. Taylor, Windsor, Ont.; Herman Teeter, Russellville, Ark.; Eleanor Thompson, San Francisco, Calif.; Franklin B. Witter, Chicago, Ill.

A SHORT
SHORT STORY

No Riders



(Reading time:
4 minutes 35 seconds.)

By NORMAN MATSON

FIRST off, for almost twenty miles Bob Furlong was followed. It was lonely country and he hadn't liked it. Next he saw a face in the rear-vision mirror. That's a queer experience when you are all alone and rolling through the night toward Canada at about seventy miles an hour. Of course he knew his eyes were playing tricks on him. Of course he would not look around. He looked around. He almost lost control of the car.

An unpleasant face *was* pressed against the window, staring. Somebody, some total stranger, sat in his rumble seat. The rumble seat had been closed when Bob Furlong set out. Hitch-hikers don't "hop" roadsters going seventy miles an hour. It's impossible. He slowed down. The face moved into the mirror again, staring. Rear tires yelled against cement as Bob yanked the car to a standstill. With one bound he was out of it.

There was a passenger in the rumble seat all right, and in a very strange posture, leaning against the back of the seat, face raised as if those eyes were now asking their question of the heavens.

Furlong used his flash. The man had red hair and was quite dead. His shirt was wet and glossy with blood.

Furlong spread light on the leather seat, picked up a .45 automatic, smelled it; it had been recently fired. Thinking of fingerprints, he put it down, wiped blood from his hands. Fresh blood.

Well, there he was in the late night, a killed man soiling his new roadster, and no explanation whatever.

Under the front seat there was a short spade. Furlong fetched it out, climbed up into a thicket, and started to dig a grave. No use. The earth here was filled with great stones.

He would retrace his course, and give that corpse to the first live men he might find. He would tell them the truth: "One moment he wasn't there; next moment he was. Somebody killed him two feet from my own head, while I was driving along at seventy. Believe it or not." They wouldn't. Nobody would.

Wrapping his passenger round with a blanket, covering that staring head, Furlong started back at a good clip. Miles ahead he saw lights approaching. As he whipped by he heard a shout. That car stopped. It was turning around. He gave his sixteen cylinders gas. Seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five. His passenger, featureless as a bag, swayed sedately.

It would be about thirty miles back to the last filling station. He remembered the sign: "Filling Pop Burns Station." He remembered the nose of that fellow who had filled his tank, a very large nose. "Make it fast," Furlong had said; and Big Nose: "O. K., mister. You in a big hurry?" "I'd like to be across the line tonight." Three other men, he remembered, inside the roadside

store, stood around rather stiffly.

The filling station was still lit up. As he slowed down a state trooper came running.

"Did you see a red-headed man, no hat, along the road?"

Furlong said, "Don't shoot, officer. He's in my rumble seat."

Three men, farmers, joined the trooper as he pulled the blanket off. "That's him. Is he dead?"

"I didn't kill him, officer. I know you won't believe me; but look here—" Furlong fumbled in a pocket with a vague notion of producing credentials.

"Where did you pick him up?"

"I don't know."

The trooper grinned. "You don't know!"

"That's my story."

"You weren't followed, were you?"

"I certainly was—for at least twenty miles."

"I was following you," the trooper said.

Furlong sighed. "Why, for God's sake?"

"To get the redhead." The trooper tapped Furlong's chest. "Do you mean to say that when you dashed in here a while back you didn't *know* that Nosey McCafferty, the redhead, and Bobo Wurtz was holding this place up?"

"So that was it! I do remember how you"—indicating the farmers—"were standing about, curiously immobile."

"And you didn't *know* the redhead, with a pocket full of loot, climbed into your rumble seat while McCafferty was gassing you?"

"That's certainly news to me."

"Why, then"—here the trooper looked very shrewd—"why didn't you stop when I started shooting?"

"Shooting?" Furlong gasped. "At me?"

The trooper nodded. "You mean to say that you—"

"Obviously. Otherwise why would I come back here with the redhead all wrapped up for you?"

Furlong asked, "Why didn't I hear the shooting?"

"You was back-firing like crazy that moment," somebody said. "Gosh, here comes Pop Burns back again."

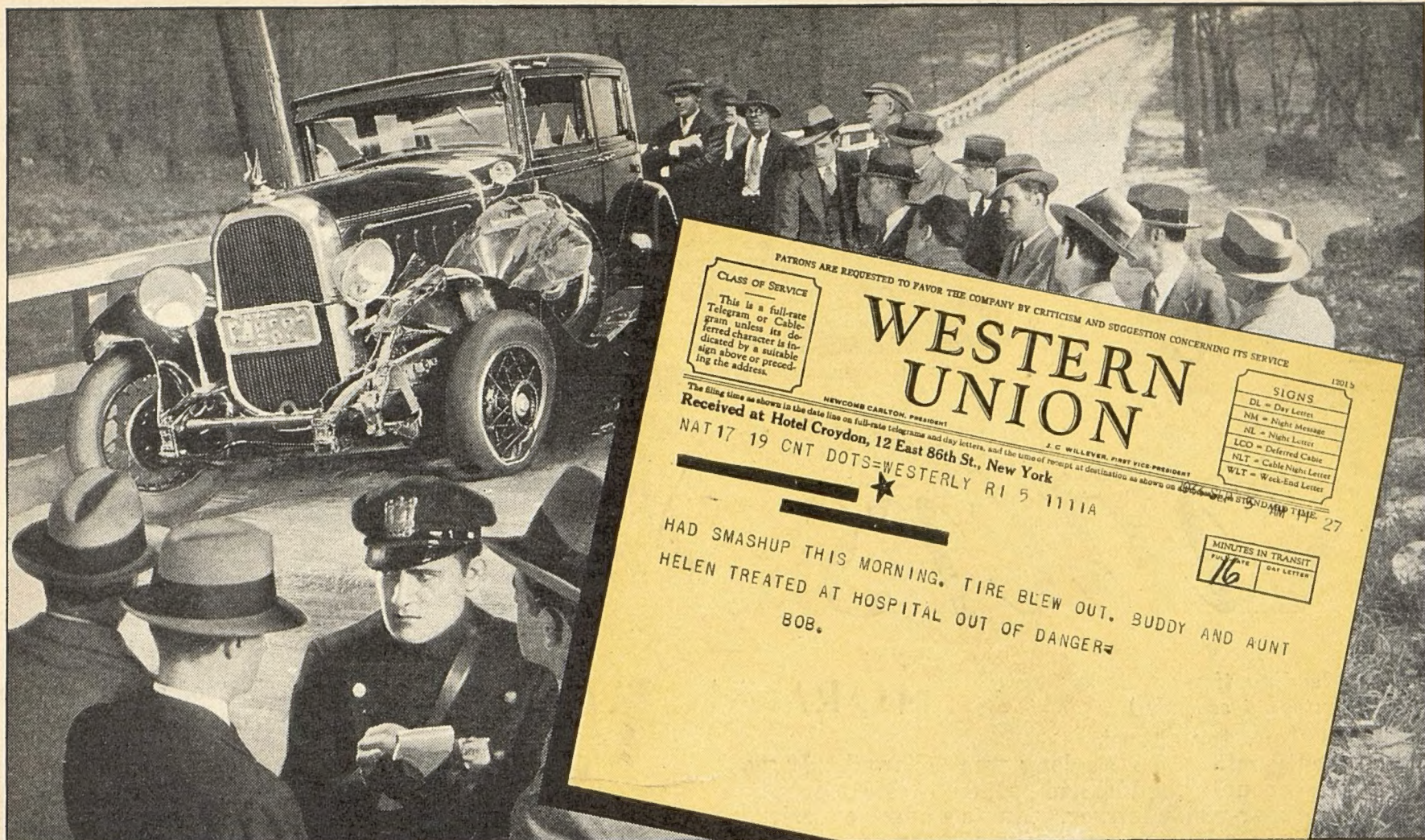
Burns, it seemed, had gone out for another look for Furlong and the redhead. His was the car Furlong had passed coming back.

"What," Furlong asked as the Burns car unloaded, "happened to the two other holdup men?"

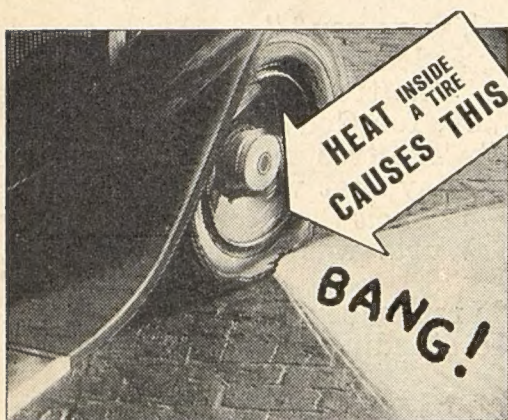
"Bobo's lyin' dead in the store," the trooper said. "McCafferty's gone."

Mr. Burns was counting the \$123 found in the redhead's pocket. He sternly met Furlong's eye and said in pure New Hampshire: "That wasn't McCafferty's gas to sell, mister. You owe me for fifteen gallons."

THE END



NO WONDER THOUSANDS EVERY DAY ARE CHANGING TO THE 3-TIMES-SAFER TIRE



Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters", which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.



Remarkable Goodrich invention resists heat—making the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3-times-safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

Goodrich sales triple . . . dealers are flooded with orders for this new kind of tire with the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply . . . gives blow-out protection at no extra cost!

UP TO a few short months ago, motorists could only *hope* that they wouldn't have a blow-out. Then suddenly the exciting news broke loose. Goodrich engineers, who had been working in secret for 14 months, electrified the world with this sensational announcement: "NEW KIND OF TIRE WILL SAVE LIVES." Racing daredevils had tested it out at gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track . . . gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out!*

No wonder! It was the new Goodrich Silvertown with the now famous Life-Saver Golden Ply. First quality tires *without* the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run. This amazing new invention had conquered *heat*, the enemy of all tires. The safest tire ever built had been made at least 3 times safer from blow outs at today's high speeds.

The news was out! And the ink had hardly dried on the paper when the Goodrich factory began to hum with activity.



Sales began to skyrocket. From July through September they tripled 1932 figures. Today—*every day*—thousands of motorists are changing to this 3-times-safer tire.

And that isn't all. Scientific tests prove that the Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car *extra* road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

When blow-outs have been killing and injuring thousands every year, are your tires still safe enough for you? Don't you want a *safer* tire—don't you want a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns with the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply . . . right now! Remember, *Goodrich Silvertowns cost not a single penny more than standard tires.*

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 132, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.



Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

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